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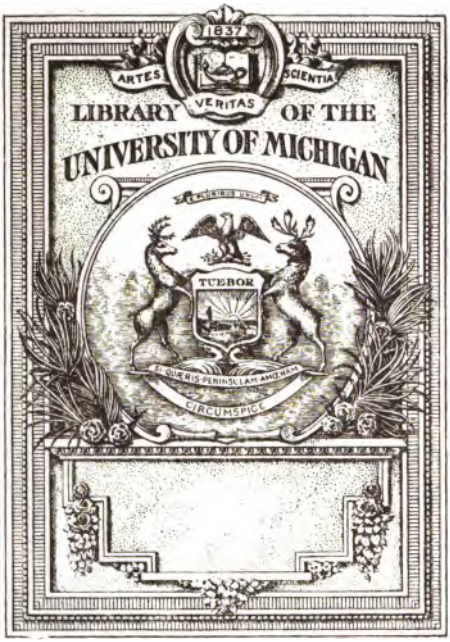

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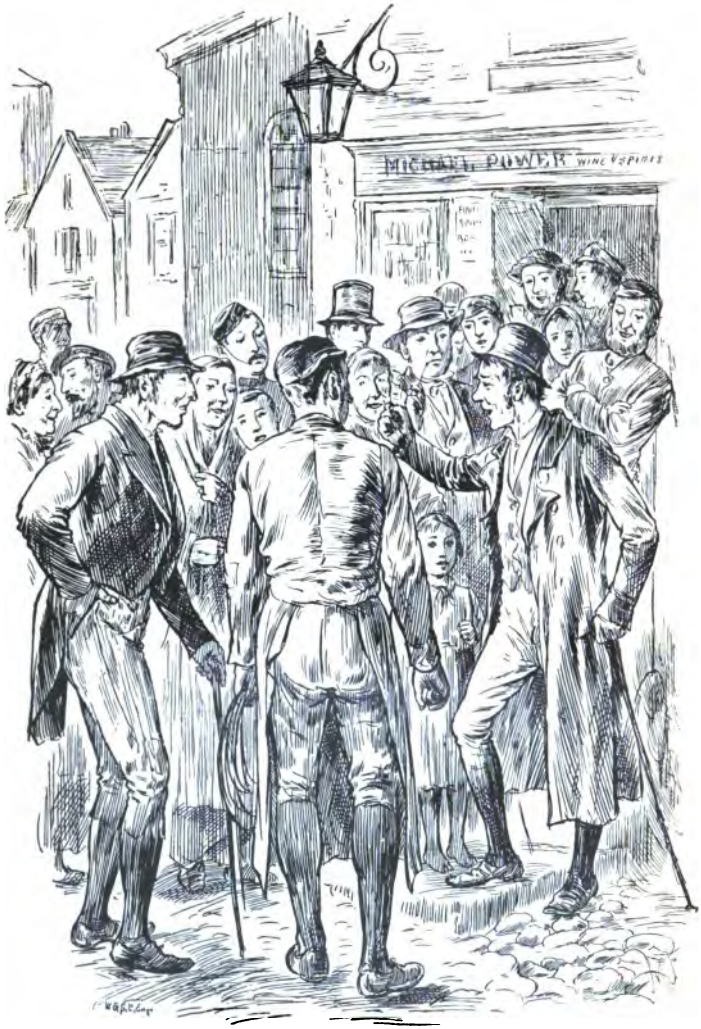

It was once my fortune to meet in a southern Irish town a little old man whose mind was a storehouse of strange legendary lore.

Frontispiece.

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THROUGH GREEN GLASSES

ANDY MERRIGAN'S GREAT DISCOVERY

AND OTHER IRISH TALES

BY

F. M. ALLEN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. FITZGERALD

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1887

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Introduction.

It was once my fortune to meet in a southern Irish town a little old man whose mind was a storehouse of strange legendary lore. He was thoroughly illiterate, but he had contrived to pick up in some way a peculiar collection of quasi-historical facts and fables. These he winnowed through his brain, rejecting the greater part of the corn and retaining all the chaff; and this mixture he would, like Æsop of old, retail solemnly to any chance customer.

Dan—for such was his christian name—possessed an imagination of a peculiarly circumscribed character. His vision extended little further than his own tip-tilted nose, and around everything he

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wrapped a local, nay a personal, mantle. The kings, the princes, the chieftains of eld he clothed in his own shabby garments—even the saints (whom he reverenced) fared little better at his hands. All the characters introduced in his legendary yarns thought as Dan thought, acted as he would, in all probability, have acted, and spoke with his own delightful brogue.

I may here observe, parenthetically, that the illiterate Irish story-teller possesses—so far as my experience goes—a vocabulary which is singularly simple and lucid. Most of the words he employs are either monosyllabic or dissyllabic. If the brogue were eliminated it would be found that he adopts a style which, so far as the choice of language is concerned, might be studied with advantage by those who (like myself) strive vainly after simplicity of diction. Of course no uneducated Irishman ever attempts to tread the mazes of "shall and will," nor is he addicted to nominatives which agree with their verbs. He is, moreover, somewhat given to the mixing of tenses; and

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in the course of a lengthy narrative, he usually flies to the refuge of many of our modern novelists—the present tense.

Dan's style of narration had all the faults and the merits which I have endeavoured to point out, but Dan possessed one quality which atoned for most of his mixed tenses and for all his ill-mated nominatives and verbs—an extraordinary fund of humour. Of this possession he seemed, however, to live in blissful ignorance. He seldom smiled, and, in the general acceptation of the word, he never laughed. His laughing muscles were, possibly, situated in his shoulders, for when he told a good story, or when he heard one from a neighbour, his shoulders would shake and quiver with a motion prolonged and jelly-like.

Chronology had no meaning and no terrors for Dan. To him the early Milesians, St. Patrick, Brian the Brave, Cromwell, and even "the great Bonypart" were, practically speaking, contemporaneous. In recounting any of the doughty deeds of the First Emperor he always kept before your mind's

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eye a picture of that "ould anshent warrior" (possibly he confounded him with Hannibal) crossing the summits of the Alps on a milk-white charger. To Dan, Waterloo and St. Helena were purely mythical—at all events *his* "Bonypart" had never met with disaster nor ever endured exile. The only celebrity whom he condescended to view in a commonplace light was Garibaldi. He firmly believed the Italian patriot was a renegade Tipperaryman named Garret Baldwin, and often I have heard Dan express his unbounded contempt for the miserable Munsterman who had "gone and taken up arms agen his Holiness the Pope."

I have listened to many and many a romance as it fell from Dan's lips, and it occurred to me that if I could speak with his voice, I might, in attempting to reproduce some of his yarns, be able to afford amusement to a larger audience than it was Dan's province to cater for.

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ANDY MERRIGAN'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

Page 5.

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MANY an' many a hundhred year ago there lived at Roche's Point, just at the enthrance of Cork harbour, a fine sthrappin' young fellow named Andy Merrigan. He owned as nate a thrawler as you could see from this to the Land's End, an' 'twas the grand fisherman he was intirely.

Andy was tall and sthrong, wud long black hair fallin' over his showldhers, an' eyes that burned undher his brows like fires of coal. He was very dark in himself for a young man, an' all the neighbours wor more or less in dhread of him.

Andy never sailed his thrawler in company wud any of the other fishermen in Cork Harbour; an' 'twas always of a dirty night an' whin the win' was blowin' hard an' the say was high that he used to

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cast off from his moorin's; an' thin the neighbours wouldn't see him or hear of him again maybe for weeks an' weeks. But whenever he did come back it was always wud a boat-load of fish; an' thin he would stop ashore for a spell an' spend whips of money in all kinds of divarsion.

Of coorse there wor plenty of back-bithers in Cork Harbour that had the hard word agen Andy; but divil a wan of 'em had the courage ever to say anything crooked forenenst him, for he had a fist as firm an' as heavy as a half hundredweight, an' he wasn't shy of usin' it on an emergency. There wor some whispers that Andy was a pirate king in saycrit, an' others said 'twas a wrecker he was an' that his fires wor often seen on the coast of Clare.

No wan used to sail in the thrawler wud Andy exceptin' two cousins of his by the mother's side, named Pat Carroll and Mick Egan, an' the cousins wor just as dark an' as dangerous as Andy himself.

Well, wan day, afther the longest voyage he had

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ever made, Andy dhropped his anchor at the quay of Cork; an' laivin' Pat and Mick an' a new hand, a cabin boy, in charge of the thrawler, he started to walk to the Rock of Cashel.

Three days an' three nights he was on the road —for of coorse this was in the oulden times before a horse-an'-car, let alone a railway thrain was invinted—an' on the mornin' of the fourth day he found himself undher the Rock.

"Good morra, major," says he to the sinthry that was walkin' up an' down outside the enthrance.

"Good morra, sthranger," says the sinthry. "Have you been long on the thramp?"

"Three days an' three nights," says Andy.

"An' where are you from?" axes the sinthry.

"The Cove of Cork," says Andy, who generally had a short way of spaykin' in conversation.

"An' what's your business here?" axes the sinthry.

"To see the King of Munsther," says Andy.

Begor the sinthry began to laugh thin, an' says

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he, "P'raps 'tis a poor relation of the King's you are?"

"No, nor a rich wan aither," says Andy; "but I came to see him all the same."

"Have you an ordher?" says the sinthry.

"No," says Andy.

"Thin I wondhers at your cheek," says the sinthry.

"You're welcome," says Andy.

"Arrah get on out of this about your business," says the sinthry, "or I'll give you a taste of the fore-fut of my pike just to remind you of who you're spaykin' to."

"Keep your ould iron to yerself," says Andy. "I'm not a marine-store dayler."

"Faix an' that's what I thought you wor," says the sinthry, thryin' to have the laugh agen Andy.

"Did you?" says Andy, lookin' very black. "Look at here," says he, liftin' his shut fist an' givin' the Rock of Cashel a box of it that knocked splinthers of stone flyin' across the road, "did

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you ever meet a marine-store dayler that could do that?"

Begor, the sinthry turned as white as a ghost, an' says he, "Who are you at all, my fine man?"

"Andy Merrigan from Roche's Point is my name an' addhress," says Andy; "an' if you don't take that up to the king this minute I'll undhermine the foundations before I breaks my fast."

The sinthry saw there 'ud be no use in rousin' the timper of a man wud a fist like Andy's, so he blew his thrumpet an' another soger answered the call.

"Tell King Cormac"—for that was the King of Munsther's name—says the sinthry, "there's a sthranger here called Andy Merrigan from Roche's Point, that wants a word wud him; and tell him from me," says he, "that he'd best see him at wance."

Andy wasn't kept waitin' long, for in about five minutes the messenger came back to say King Cormac would see him if he would come upstairs.

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So Andy mounted the Rock and was shown into the King's dhrawin'-room.

"Laive on yer hat," says King Cormac, who was sittin' in an arm-chair at a big fire, "for there's a powerful dhraught up here, an' maybe 'tis ketch cowld you would."

"Thank ye kindly," says Andy; "but sure I'm used to hurricanes, an' I'd feel more at my aise if I wor to keep my hat in my hand."

"Well, plaize yerself," says King Cormac, givin' the fire a stir wud a goolden poker. "What's your business?" says he.

"I'm a man of few words," says Andy, "an' I'll not enther into a long rigmarole."

"I'm glad of that," says King Cormac, "for I can't give you more than ten minutes by the clock."

"Faith thin if you knew what a wondherful plan I have to lay before you I think you'd be glad to spare me the whole run of a day," says Andy, wud a toss of his head.

"That's what ye all says," laughs the King.

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"Maybe," says Andy; "but, as I've towld you before, *I*'m a man of few words."

"I suppose you saves your breath to cool your porridge," says the King, who had an aggravatin' way of givin' a sthranger ten minutes' talk wud him an' of squandherin' all the time in banther.

"Well," says Andy, "to go straight to the point—"

"Roche's Point, is it?" intherrupts the King.

"No, nor potatoes an' point aither," says Andy, who saw through the thricks of the King. "An' let me tell yer majesty," says he, "that if you don't give fair heed to me I'll take meself an' me plan straight over to Tara's Halls."

"Keep your hair on," says King Cormac, seein' that Andy was sore vexed.

"'Tisn't aisy to do that wud the draught," says Andy, lookin' as black as tundher; "but I'll do my endeavours; an' you may thank yourself, if you lose the chance of a kingdom that I'm afther discoverin' a hundhred times as big as Munsther."

"What's that you say, my man?" says King

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Cormac, turnin' round quickly in his aisy chair an' lookin' hard at Andy.

"Well, will you hear me fair?" says Andy, "clock or no clock?"

"I will," says the King, for his cur'osity was on the sthretch at the sthrange remark that came from Andy.

"I'll take you at your word, thin," says Andy; "an' this is my story an' my plan. You must know," says he, "that I'm the greatest sailor in these parts, an' that win' or weather, say or storm, have no terrors for me. Often I goes hundhreds an' hundhreds of miles out into the western ocean if the fish is scarce in shore, an' for that raison the cowardly bla'guards that are afeard to venture out of sighth of land tells stories of me behind my back. I mintion this," says Andy, "fearin' that if yer majesty came to Cork you'd hear things said about me that might turn you agen me, an' I want to put you on yer guard beforehand."

"But what about this tundherin' big counthry

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you wor spaykin' of?" axes King Cormac, who didn't care a *thrauneen* about Andy an' his back-bithers, but was aiger to hear about the new kingdom.

"I'm comin' to it," says Andy,

"I thought you wor there already," says the King, chucklin' undher his breath.

"Look at here," says Andy, "maybe you'd like me to make a present of it to the King of all Ireland over at Tara beyant? If that's your mind best say so at wance."

"Arrah, don't be so quick in your temper," says King Cormac. "Sure a man must have his joke now an' again. Go on, Andy," says he, "tell us all about it, *avic.*—Maybe 'tis dhry you are. I have a nice dhrop of the hard stuff here, if that's in your line at all."

"Begor," says Andy, "I was never known to turn my back on a good thing."

So the King opens a big cupboard an' tuk out a black bottle. "Say whin," says he to Andy, pourin' out the whisky into a tumbler for him.

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"That'll do," says Andy, whin the tumbler was more than three parts full.

"You didn't laive much room for the wather," says the King.

"Wather, is it?" says Andy. "Arrah, my dear man, 'tis deluged enough wud wather I usually do be. Anyhow I prefers it nate," says he, tossin' off the tumbler-full at wan go.

"'Tis a sthrong man you are!" says King Cormac. "There isn't a tear in your eye nor a hair turned on you, an' that's new Cork whisky, twinty over proof."

"I'm used to it," says Andy; "an' use is second nature, I'm towld."

"Well, go on wud yer story now," says the King, "for I'm dyin' to hear about this new counthry you've discovered. Did you find a mare's nest in it?" says he, pourin' a dhrop out of the bottle into a tumbler for himself.

"No, nor a cuckoo's aither," says Andy. "'Pon my song, I dunno whether 'tis humbuggin' me you are or what."

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"Well, I'll be as sayrious as Solomon for the rest of the intherview," says King Cormac. "I see you're not used to the ways of the quality."

"You're right there," says Andy. "I'm a plain man at the best, a plain dayler an' a plain spayker; an' this is my story. Last voyage I sailed out of Cork wud my two cousins, Mike Egan and Pat Carroll, an' havin' business round on the coast of Clare I put into the Shannon for a spell, an' there I shipped a new hand, a young Scotch lad named Sandy, as a cabin boy."

"What's his other name?" axes King Cormac, takin' out his note book, "for I likes always to have full particulars."

"Hook is his surname," says Andy.

"Thin," says King Cormac, "when you left the Shannon, I suppose I may say you tuk your Hook?"

"Just as you plaize," says Andy, not heedin' the joke; "an' as fish wor scarce in by the coast I put the thrawler on a long reach wud her head to the westhard. Well, afther a week's sail an' no fish,

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a terrible gale came out from the nor'a'd and aisthard, an' I was obliged to run the thrawler before the win' undher bare poles. Four weeks afther startin' from the Shannon the cabin-boy shouts out 'Land-o;' an' sure enough we sighthed a point of land which we christened Sandy Hook, afther the boy."

"Well?" says the King, his cur'osity fairly roused.

"The same day," says Andy, "we found ourselves in an iligant bay wud a most beautiful counthry surroundin' it. Of coorse we wor clane out of provisions for some days, an' the sighth of the new land where no wan ever thought there was a dhry spot before nearly dhrove us out of our wits wud joy. We ran the thrawler right in for the shore an' beached her safely, an' thin we jumped ashore in ordher to see where we cud get a bite an' a sup. In about half a pig's whisper the beach was crowded wud niggers, wud scarcely a screed of clothes on 'em. There was a big man wud a necklace hangin' from his showldhers at the head of

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the crowd that looked like a chief nigger, so I goes up to him an' says I, 'We're frindly, I gives you my word; an', what's more, we're famishin' wud hunger an' thirst. If you haven't a rasher of bacon handy could you give us a fill of tobaccy?' The chief shuk his head as much as to say 'I can't undherstand you,' and he begins to jabber away in some sort of lingo I couldn't make head or tail of. 'What'll we do at all, at all?' says I to meself; an' thin a grand idaya sthruck me all of a suddint.

"I learnt the deaf an' dumb alphabet at school for divarsion, and I cud talk on my fingers wud the greatest dummy in Cork, so I began to make signs to the chief, wud my hands, an' begor the ould nigger twigged what I was doin' at wance. So he beckoned to a man in the crowd, an' a little fellow, whom I aftherwards found was the head-masther of a deaf-an'-dumb school, stepped out forenest me an' in a minute we were hard at it, talkin' to aich other on our fingers. 'Who or what are ye at all, at all?' axes the little nigger.

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'We're christhins, to begin wud,' says I, answerin' him back of coorse on my fingers. 'What's christhins?' says he. 'Did you never hear of St. Pathrick?' says I. 'Never,' says he. Indeed I might have made sure that 'ud be the answer I'd get, for at laiste St. Pathrick if he ever visited the niggers would have inthroduced a tailor among 'em. 'Well,' says I, puzzled to know how to explain matthers, 'we're all Irishmen too, exceptin' the boy here, an' he comes from Scotland.' 'What's Irishmen?' says he. 'Arrah,' says I, 'is it jokin' you are, or do you mane to tell me you never heard of ould Ireland?' 'Never,' says the nigger; ''tis a puzzle to me to make sense out of you at all. Maybe,' says he, wud a grin on him like a monkey, 'you're something else?' 'We are, thin,' says I, 'whether you laughs or no. We're Corkmen—three parts of us, at any rate.' 'Three parts of ye is cork!' says he; 'an' what's the other part made of?' 'Arrah, my dear man,' says I, 'there's no use in losin' my time an' my temper thryin' to enlighten your ignorance. I'll wait till I larns to spake your langwidge, an'

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thin I'll be able to make you undherstand me properly. An' now,' says I, 'will you answer me what I'll ax you?' 'Wud pleasure,' says the little nigger. 'What counthry is this?' says I. 'Injy,' says he. 'An' are ye all Red Injuns?' says I. 'We are,' says he, 'every mother's son of us.' 'What's the name of this town an' harbour?' says I, pointin' to the hape of mud cabins in shore, an' to the beautiful bay forenest us. 'New York,' says he. 'An' who is the big man at the head of ye there?' says I, pointin' to the nigger, who had gone up the beach a bit wud some of the faymales. 'I mane the chap I made the first offer at discoorsin' to.' 'He's the King of New York,' says he. 'A wondher he don't dhress himself more dacently!' says I. 'Dhress!' says he. 'Why 'tis in full dhress he is now.' 'An' is a necklace an' a rub of paint full dhress in these parts?' says I. 'It is,' says the little nigger. 'It doesn't cost over much to be fashionable here,' says I. 'No,' says he, 'we spend the bulk of our money on aitin' and dhrinkin'.'

"Begor, yer majesty! the mintion of grub gave

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me a pain in the stomach, so I axed the little man if he could knock up a male for us, as we were all ready to dhrop wud the hunger. 'I'll spake to the King,' says he. So he goes over to the big nigger, an' I suppose he towld him all he could about us, an' whatever it was he towld him it made the king laugh a dale. Then the little nigger beckoned to me to come over to the King. To tell the thruth I felt a thrifle ashamed of goin' over near the women, but, faix! the hunger takes most of the timidness out of a man, so I plucked up the courage, an' over I goes to the King. Well, by manes of the intarpinther—the little nigger—the King and meself had a long discoorse, but the dickens a bit of me could make the poor ignorant darkey undherstand that we wor human craychurs like himself; and maybe you'll think 'tis a lie I'm tellin' you, King Cormac," says Andy, "but 'tis as thrue as Gospel that the King of New York thought, from what the little nigger was afther tellin' him, that three-quarthers of us was made of cork, an' that what he could see of us—I mane our

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face an' our hands—was the only naatural part of us."

"It bates all," says King Cormac, laughin' hearty. "Divil the like ever I heard! But go on wud your story, Misther Merryan."

"Well," says Andy, "I saw there was no use just thin in thryin' to persuade the King of New York that it wasn't samples of virgin cork three parts of us wor; but, faith! I had an onaisy feelin' that he might have it in his mind to cut us up for cork fendhers an' the like, and you may be sure I had no intintion of allowin' meself to be made into a sthopper for a bung-hole, so I towld him if he'd give me a private intherview in the coorse of a few days, when I'd have picked up some of the lingo, I could explain matthers to him. 'In the manetime,' says I to him, 'for the love of goodness, give the four of us something to fill our insides wud!' 'What 'ud you like?' says the King of New York. 'Well, if it's no inconvaynience to the coort,' says I, 'we'd prefer a good male of bacon and cabbage to anything you could

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offer; and if you could see your way to let us moisten that same wud some whisky-an'-wather, I'd be undher a heavy load of obligation to you.' Well, wud that the King gev ordhers to have the biggest side of bacon in the palace taken off the hooks an' boiled for us; 'an' while 'tis cookin',' says he, 'maybe you'd like to break your fast on the remains of a cowld showldher of mutton left from Sunday's dinner?'"

"That reminds me," says King Cormac, "that I never axed you if you had a mouth on you. I think there's the remains of a half pig's head here," says he, goin' over to the cupboard and taking a heavy goold dish out of it.

"Faix!" says Andy, "if you wor thryin' to discover what was in my mind this minute, you couldn't have hit the mark more close. I'm nearly famished wud the hunger, but, of coorse, I didn't like to be makin' meself too much at home on a first visit, or I'd have mintioned the fact before."

"Betther late than never," says King Cormac.

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"Hunger is the best sauce, an' the chapest too, so you'll excuse me for not offerin' you anything barrin' the knife an' fork."

"Don't mintion it," says Andy.

"'Tis a nice piece of mate," says King Cormac. "You find it tindher, don't you?"

"Like a spring chicken," says Andy.

"I suppose you can talk while you're aitin'?" says King Cormac.

"I can," says Andy, though the words nearly choked him. Of coorse, he had to thry an' put on his quality manners when he was discoorsin' wud a king, but it tuk him all his time to spake plain wud his mouth full.

"Go on, thin," says King Cormac. "What I'm anxious to hear," says he, "is what's the size of this new counthry, an' what soort of a place it is in general."

"That's what I'm comin' to," says Andy.

"Thin come to it quick," says King Cormac, "for half my mornin' is gone already, an' I've a dale of business to attend to."

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Andy's hunger was partly satisfied by this, so he laid down his knife an' fork, an' says he, "Well, to hurry matthers up, this Injy is a mighty big counthry. They tell me 'twould take a man, walkin' twinty mile a day, nearly half a year to get to the other side of it."

"Dhraw it mild," says King Cormac.

"Faith! 'tis the thruth I'm telling you," says Andy. "An', now," says he, "I comes to the point where I'll have to ax your majesty to give me full considheration. I spent the best part of two months wud the Injuns, an' 'tis right well they thrated me. The innocent craychurs have no idaya at all of the value of land; all they thinks of is aitin' an' dhrinkin', crackin' jokes, an' playing tambourines. Just to show what sort they are, I may tell you that wan day, afther I had made christhins of 'em all an' taught 'em how to spake English, the King axed me to write me name in the visithors' book, so I wrote down wud a flourish, 'A. Merrigan.' He looks at the writin', an' says he, 'For the future we'll call ourselves afther you.' So the word wint

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forth that all the Injuns all over the counthry wor to be known in future as Amerrigans, an' they calls the counthry for short, Amerriga. They has a way of choppin' their words, you see."

"'Tis a proud man you ought to be," says King Cormac. "Do you mind shakin' hands wud me?"

So, begor, Andy an' the King of Munsther shuk hands, an' the tears rowled down King Cormac's cheeks wud the hard grip Andy fastened on him, but he was a proud man, an' wouldn't let on he was hurt if a mule wor to give him a kick in the ribs.

"Well, says Andy, "even callin' the counthry afther me wouldn't satisfy ould Sambo—the King of New York, I mane—but the next thing he did was to summon a meetin' of his head follyers; an', wudout a word of a lie, they towld me they had made up their minds to give me a present of the whole counthry if I'd marry the King of New York's eldest daughther."

"An' did you take the offer?" says King Cormac.

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"Of coorse I did," says Andy; "an' not to be outdone by a parcel of niggers in ginerosity, the first thing I did was to make my two cousins a present of as much of the counthry as they tuk a fancy to. Pat Carroll went down South, an' he measured out a two big thracts of land, an' called 'em North and South Carrollina; and Mick Egan went a bit in from the coast an' measured out another slice an' called it Michael Egan; but the darkeys, I hear, shortened that to Michegan."

"An' what did you do for the cabin boy?"

"To tell you the thruth," says Andy, "I didn't like to make a king of him, or give him a big thract of counthry, on account of his not bein' an Irishman; but I made him a present of the first land we sighthed; an' being a smart lad he tuk what he could get wud a good grace an' detarmined to make the most of his little slice. He's goin' to build a lighthouse on it shortly, an' charge a toll to the ships that pass; an' I have no manner of doubt he'll pick up a good livin' at 'Sandy Hook,' for he's a knowin' young shaver."

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"Did you bring the wife home wud you?" axed King Cormac.

"Not this thrip," says Andy. "I got her to laive her measure for a dhress, an' 'twasn't finished by the time I had to come away."

"She's black of coorse?" says King Cormac.

"Black as the ace of spades," says Andy; "but I'm towld she'll bleach in the sun, an' even if she don't turn the right colour," says he, "sure I can give her an odd coat of whitewash now an' again."

"You haven't towld me what sort of a counthry it is," says King Cormac; "maybe 'tis all bog."

"Bog!" says Andy, curlin' his lip. "There isn't a bit of bog land in it from Aist to West."

"An' what do they grow in it?" says King Cormac.

"Everything," says Andy; "but mostly goold nuggets."

"*What!*" says King Cormac, startin' up out of his aisy chair.

"No wondher you're astonished," says Andy.

"Goold nuggets!" says the King of Munsther.

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"Ay," says Andy, "'tis rotten wud 'em the counthry is. I wint out to the diggin's," says he, "an' there's as much goold in wan field there as 'ud build the Rock of Cashel twice over."

"Murdher alive!" says the King; "'tis a great place intirely it must be! But what is it you want a poor sthrugglin' man like me to do for you, Andy?"

"Not much," says Andy, "but little as it is it manes a dale to me. You see the goold is no value at all at all in my counthry."

"But sure you could bring a few cargoes of it over here?" says King Cormac.

"That's the very thing I came to consult wud yerself about," says Andy. "You see if I wor to bring a load of it into Cork harbour 'tis saised on it wud be, an, I'll go bail some of my neighbours 'ud be bla'guards enough to swear I didn't come by it honest. Now here's my offer to you, King Cormac," says Andy. "I have no likin' at all to be a king, especially wud nothing but a lot of tambourine-playin' niggers for my subjects, an' my pro-

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posal to you this blessed mornin' is to sell you the whole counthry for a hundred pound down on the nail, wud the perviso that I'm allowed to take as much goold out of it as me own little thrawler can carry, for I'm not a covechous man at all."

"Will you give me that in writin'?" says King Cormac.

"Of coorse," says Andy; "but there's wan more condition."

"What's that?" says King Cormac.

"That you buys my cargo for the Mint," says Andy.

"How much do you want for it?" says King Cormac.

"The market price," says Andy.

"Will you take Griffith's valuation," says King Cormac, who was a hard hand at buyin' or sellin'.

"Well, not to break your word, I will," says Andy.

"Then it's a bargain," says King Cormac. "I'll send for my head clerk, an' we'll dhraw up the agreement."

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So the head clerk of the coort was sint for, an' he dhrew up a great long dockyment that 'ud cover the side of a barracks, an' King Cormac and Andy signed their names at the fut of it.

"I'll give you my dhraft on the Munsther Bank," says King Cormac, "for the hundhred pound."

"Will there be any charge for cashin' it?" says Andy.

"No," says King Cormac, "I'm always on the right side of the books there, an' I'm a head directhor into the bargain."

"Well, I'll be sayin' goodbye now," says Andy, taking the dhraft from King Cormac; "an' you may expect to hear of me again in or about three months' time."

"Howld on a bit!" says King Cormac. "When am I to enther into possession of the new counthry?"

"Whin I comes back, of coorse," says Andy. "If I was to bring you over wud me now maybe the Injuns 'ud make some objections to my takin' the

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goold out of the counthry. 'Tis best to keep 'em in the dark for a spell about this bargain of ours. Maybe 'tis a rebellion they'd rise agen you if you wor to go over hot fut afther me, for they have their feelin's, of coorse."

"Of coorse," says King Cormac. "But make your voyage as quick as you can, Andy, for 'tis dyin' I am to take charge of this new counthry of mine."

"I'll be as quick as win' and weather will permit," says Andy; "an' barrin' accidents of navigation you may reckon on me, say, for this day three months. Good-bye now," says he, givin' King Cormac's fist another hearty grip.

"Good-bye," says King Cormac, "an' a quick voyage to you, my sweet fellow!"

So Andy walked back to Cork an' cashed the King's dhraft on the bank, an' thin he goes down to the quay an' jumped aboord the thrawler.

"Up stick, boys!" says he to the crew. "We have just three months to do it, so ye'll have to work purty hard an' constant."

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Well, in three months to the very day Andy sails up Cork river wance more. His little craft was down to the scuppers in the wather, an' seein' her so deep the revenue boat pulls off an' an officer jumps aboord.

"Where are you from?" axes the revenue man.

"We're from New York," says Andy.

"There's no such a place," says the revenue man.

"That only shows your ignorance," says Andy.

"It isn't down on the charts, anyhow," says the revenue man, partly losin' his timper.

"Of coorse it isn't," says Andy, "for 'twas only discovered by meself some months back."

"Is that so?" says the revenue man. "An' what's the bearin's of it?"

"That's my saycrit," says Andy.

"'Tis a dark man, you are!" says the revenue officer, who knew Andy well by sighth.

"You're not the first that thought so," says Andy.

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"Have you any smuggled tobaccy aboord?" says the revenue man.

"Only what's allowed for ship's use on the voyage," says Andy, answerin' him back mighty independent.

"I see you knows the law," says the revenue man.

"Purty fair," says Andy.

"An' what's your cargo?" says the revenue man.

"Goold for the mint," says Andy.

"Goold!" says the revenue man, nearly dhroppin' wud surprise.

"Ay," says Andy, "an' very good goold it is too."

"Where are you goin' to land it?" says the revenue man.

"Wherever the King of Munsther ordhers me, for 'tis sowld to his own self. An' look here," says he, "I won't have any meddlin' wud my affairs. If you gives me the laste throuble or annoyance I'll complain of you to King Cormac, an' he'll give

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you your discharge purty quick, I can tell you, for he's undher a heavy obligation to me."

Begor the revenue man sung purty small after that, for he knew that King Cormac was quick in his timper, an' of coorse if Andy was to tell on him, maybe 'tis cut off his pinsion the King would as well as give him his discharge. So he says to Andy in a frindly way, "Well, I'll put a man in charge if you have no objections. 'Twill keep the quay boys off at any rate, Andy, if they sees a man wud a gun aboord."

"Very well," says Andy. "Only let it be undherstood that I've left ordhers wud my cousin, Pat Carroll, to hang any wan from the yardarm by martial law who attimpts to meddle wud the cargo."

"I suppose you're goin' straight to the Rock of Cashel now," says the revenue man, seein' Andy takin' off his sou'westher and fixin' a top hat on his head.

"I am," says Andy.

"You might put in a good word for me wud the King," says the revenue man.

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"I'll wait till I comes back," says Andy; "an' if I hears a good account of your man from Pat Carroll, I'll sartinly see that your wages is raised."

"More power to your elbow!" says the revenue man. "Let me give you a leg over the side," says he.

So Andy stepped over the rail and dhropped into a small boat that landed him safe and sound on the quay, an' then he started to thramp it again to the Rock of Cashel. The sinthry knew him this time an' let him in at wance, and Andy walked up the steps of the Rock an' knocked at the dhrawin'-room door.

"Come in," says King Cormac, so in Andy wint.

"Well, here I am again," says he, "thrue to my promise. I know I'm a few days behind time, but there was a nasty slop of a say outside for the past forty-eight hours, an' I was rather in dhread of makin' for the enthrance of the harbour."

"You worn't in dhread of makin' sail out of the

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enthrance of the Shannon the day before yesther-day," says King Cormac, lookin' hard at Andy.

"What do you mane?" says Andy, turnin' rather white in the gills.

"Nothing," says King Cormac. "Only a joke."

"'Tis a quare way of jokin' you have," says Andy.

"Maybe," says King Cormac, who seemed very short in his conversation this mornin'.

"I brought the cargo of goold," says Andy.

"Did you?" says the King. "An' did you bring the wife? for I'm rather anxious to see wan of my new subjects."

"Well," says Andy, an' there was a kind of a stammer in his voice, "I brought her right enough, but I landed the poor girl at Roche's Point, for she was mortial say-sick on the voyage."

"Thin, I can see her of coorse?" says King Cormac.

"You can," says Andy, "as soon as she gets the rowl of the westhern ocean out of her head."

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"'Tis a puzzlin' business altogether," says the King half to himself. "Look here, Andy," says he, "I may as well tell you the honest thruth, for I don't like to condimn a man wudhout givin' him a fair chance. There's a sayrious charge brought agen you this week."

"I wouldn't be at all surprised at that," says Andy. "I towld you long ago that the neighbours wor never tired of backbitin' me."

"'Tisn't a neighbour this time," says the King. "'Tis a Portingale man."[1]

"Yerrah!" says Andy, "sure a king of your parts wouldn't believe the daylight from a Portingale man!"

"That depinds," says King Cormac.

"An' what does the bla'gard say agen me?" says Andy.

"I'll tell you," says the King; "an' if you don't disprove it I'll hang you in chains as sure as my name is Cormac of Munsther."

"That's purty sure by all accounts," says Andy,

[1] "Portingale man" is Anglo-Hibernian for "Portuguese."

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thryin' to show he took little heed of what any Portingale man could say about him; but he didn't look much at his aise, I can tell you.

"Maybe 'tis laugh at the wrong side of your mouth you will before I'm done wud you," says King Cormac; "an' this is the charge agen you. Last week it seems you sailed into the Shannon—"

"I won't deny it," intherrupts Andy. "'Twas the first landin' place I could get a grip of. I was run out of tobaccy an' of salt pork, an' I'm partial to Limerick twist an' Limerick bacon."

"Very well," says the King. "Your acknowledgin' the charge saves me the throuble of summonin' eye-witnesses. Anyhow, in Limerick you wint into a public house. Do you deny that?"

"I don't," says Andy; "nor I don't deny I had a dhrop too much aither."

"Very well," says the King; "but you're not obliged to make charges agen yerself. At any rate, this Portingale man saw you in this public house, an' he recognized you at wance. It seems you boorded a ship he was sailin' in some years

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back, loaded wud a general cargo, an' afther murdherin' all aboord you tuk away the valuable part of this cargo, amongst which wor a lot of bags of Portingale goold."

"That's a quare story, sure enough," says Andy. "Now if I murdhered every wan aboard, how could this fellow you're spaykin' of be in Limerick last week?"

"He was in hidin' in the lazareet," says the King, "an' that's how you missed him."

Begor Andy didn't look at all well whin he heard this, but he was a desperate darin' man, an' says he, "I know what you're dhrivin' at, King Cormac. You mane to make out that 'tis a pirate I am, an' that the story I towld you about the great new counthry is only moonshine."

"Exactly," says King Cormac.

"'Tis aisy to disprove that, at any rate," says Andy. "If any of my prisent cargo is in Portingale money, or in the money of any counthry known to the prisent generation, I'll give you laife to hang draw an' quarther me before mornin'."

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"Do you take me for an *omadhaun?*" says King Cormac. "Do you think I never heard of a meltin'-pot?"

Andy was silent for a spell afther that remark, an' whin he spoke again there was a sthrange hoarseness in his voice. "I see," says he, "that things look black agen me, but for all that I can clear myself if I only gets a fair chance."

"I'll give you every chance in the world," says King Cormac.

"Look at here!" says Andy, "If I shows you my black-skinned wife will you believe me?"

"I will," says King Cormac; "but I'll take care you don't make a hare of me this time. I'll put three armed revenue men in the thrawler, an' I'll see that every weapon is taken from your boat, an thin you can sail down to Roche's Point an' bring me back your wife; an' mind you," says King Cormac, "'twon't do to thry an' desayve me by coatin' wan of my own subjects wud gas tar, for I'll have the coort physician to examine the woman —that is if you brings her here. An' if you don't

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bring her," says he, "take my word for it I'll hang you in chains from the top of the Rock."

Faith, Andy saw the King was in fair airnest, so he never said a word more, but allowed himself to be taken down to Cork undher a sthrong escort. His thrawler was examined carefully an' all the weapons wor taken out of her, an' three armed men wor put aboord.

'Twas nigh dusk when they started the fishin'-boat from the quay of Cork, an' the win' rose to a gale before they got abreast of Grab-all Bay. The revenue men implored Andy to put into the Bay for shelter or to run back to Queenstown, but he persuaded 'em to let him continue his journey. "No say nor win' was ever a match for me," says he; "an' I can steer my craft through the eye of a needle."

An', sure enough, 'twas a wondherful hand at the tiller he was. Every big lump of a say that threatened to swamp the little boat Andy dodged as aisy as children dodge wan another at blind-man's-buff; but for all that the revenue men wor

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ready to die of the fright. At last the thrawler was nearly abreast of Roche's Point, an' the say was rowlin' in mountains high, an' the win' was roarin' loud enough to burst the dhrum of your ear.

"Study now!" shouts Andy, an' his voice was heard clear above the tundher of the gale an' the say. "Study!" he shouts again; "an' say your last prayer quick, for this minute we die!"

An' as he said the words he gripped the tiller in his two fists an' sent the thrawler's head right into the mouth of the biggest say that ever rowled into Cork harbour; an' under she went, goold an' all an' rose no more.

* * * * * *

To this day they're many that believe Andy Merrigan discovered the New World; an' faix if he didn't 'tis sthrange enough that generations afterwards when Columbus ventured across the Atlantic he found the place called afther Andy, and parts of it afther his crew. At any rate, of a winther's night whin the sky is heavy an' the win'

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is high, the people from Roche's Point will tell you they see the thrawler sthrugglin' in the trough of an angry say, an' loudher than the sounds of the elements is heard the last shout of Andy Merrigan an' the terrible cry of the six hands that wint down wud him.

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WANCE upon a time, an' a very good time it was too, there was a dacent little man, named Paddy Power, that lived in the parish of Portlaw.

At the time I spake of, an' indeed for a long spell before it, most of Paddy's neighbours had wandhered from the thrue fold, an' the sheep that didn't stray wor, not to put too fine a point on it, a black lot. But Paddy had always conthrived to keep his last end in view, an' he stuck to the ould faith like a poor man's plasther.

Well, in the coorse of time poor Paddy felt his days wor well-nigh numbered, so he tuk to the bed an' sent for the priest; an' thin he settled himself down to aise his conscience an' to clear the road in the other world by manes of a good confession.

He reeled off his sins, mortial an' vaynial, to the priest by the yard, an' begor he felt mighty

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sorrowful intirely whin he thought what a bad boy he'd been an' what a hape of quare things he'd done in his time—though, as I've said before, he was a dacent little man in his way, only, you see, bein' so close to the other side of Jordan, he tuk an onaisy view of all his sayin's and doin's. Poor Paddy—small blame to him—was very aiger to get a comfortable corner in glory in his old age, for he'd a hard sthruggle enough of it here below.

Well, whin he'd towld all his sins to Father McGrath, an' whin Father McGrath had given him a few hard rubs by way of consolation, he bent his head to get the absolution, an', lo an' behold you! before the priest could get through the words that would open the gates of glory to poor Paddy the life wint out of the man's body.

It seems 'twas a busy mornin' in heaven, an' as soon as Father McGrath began to say the first words of the absolution, down they claps Paddy Power's name on the due-book.—However, we'll come to that part of the story by an' by.

Anyhow, up goes Paddy, an' before he knew

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where he was he found himself standin' outside the gates of Paradise. Of coorse, he partly guessed there 'ud be throuble, but he thought he'd put a bowld face on, so he gives a hard double-knock at the door, an' a holy saint shoves back the slide an' looks out at him through an iron gratin'.

"God save all here!" says Paddy.

"God save you kindly!" says the saint.

"Maybe I'm too airly?" says Paddy, dhreadin' all the time that 'tis the cowld showlder he'd get.

"'Tis naither airly nor late here," says the saint, "pervidin' you're on the way-bill. What's yer name?" says he.

"Paddy Power," says the little man from Portlaw.

"There's so many of that name due here," says the saint, "that I must ax you for further particulars."

"You're quite welcome, your reverence," says Paddy.

"What's your occupation?" says the saint.

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"Well," says Paddy, "I can turn my hand to anything in raison."

"A kind of Jack-of-all-thrades?" says the saint.

"Not exactly that," says Paddy, thinkin' the saint was thryin' to make fun of him. "In fact," says he, "I'm a general dayler."

"An' what do you generally dale in?" axes the saint.

"All's fish that comes to my net," says Paddy, thinkin' of coorse 'twould put Saint Pether in good humour to be reminded of ould times.

"An' is it a fisherman you are, thin?" axes the saint.

"Well, no," says Paddy, "though I've done a little huckstherin' in fish in my time; but I was partial to scrap iron, as a rule."

"To tell you the thruth," says the saint, "I'm not over fond of general daylin', but of coorse my private feelin's don't intherfere wud my duties here. I'm on the gates agen my will for the matther of that; but that's naither here nor there so far as yourself is consarned, Paddy," says he.

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"It must be a hard dhrain on the constitution at times," says Paddy, "to be on the door from mornin' till night."

"'Tis," says the saint, "of a busy day—but I must go an' have a look at the books. Paddy Power is your name?" says he.

"Yis," says Paddy; "an', though 'tis meself, that says it, I'm not ashamed of it."

"An' where are you from?" axes the saint.

"From the parish of Portlaw," says Paddy.

"I never heard tell of it," says the saint, bitin' his thumb.

"Sure it couldn't be expected you would, sir," says Paddy, "for it lies at the back of God-speed."

"Well stand there, Paddy *avic*," says the holy saint, "an' I'll have a good look at the books."

"God bless you!" says Paddy. "Wan 'ud think 'twas born in Munsther you wor, Saint Pether, you have such an iligant accent in spaykin'."

Faix, Paddy was beginnin' to dhread that his name wouldn't be found on the books at all on account of his not havin' complate absolution, so he

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thought 'twas the best of his play to say a soft word to the keeper of the kays.

The saint tuk a hasty glance at the enthry-book, but when Paddy called him Saint Pether he lifted his head, an' he put his face to the wicket again, an' there was a cunnin' twinkle in his eye.

"An' so you thinks 'tis Saint Pether I am?" says he.

"Of coorse, your reverence," says Paddy; "an' 'tis a rock of sense I'm towld you are."

Well, wud that the saint began to laugh very hearty, an' says he,—

"Now it's a quare thing that every wan of ye that comes from below thinks Saint Pether is on the gates constant. Do you ralely think, Paddy," says he, "that Saint Pether has nothing else to do, nor no way to pass the time except by standin' here in the cowld from year's end to year's end, openin' the gates of Paradise?"

"Begor," says Paddy, "that never sthruck me before, sure enough. Of coorse he must have some sort of divarsion to pass the time. An' might I

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ax your reverence," says he, "what your own name is, an' I hopes you'll pardon my ignorance."

"Don't mintion that," says the saint; but I'd rather not tell you my name, just yet at any rate, for a raison of my own."

"Plaize yourself an' you'll plaize me, sir," says Paddy.

"'Tis a civil-spoken little man you are," says the saint.

Findin' the saint was such a nice agreeable man an' such an iligant discoorser, Paddy thought he'd venture on a few remarks just to dodge the time until some other poor sowl 'ud turn up an' give him the chance to slip into Paradise unbeknowst—for he knew that wance he got in by hook or by crook they could never have the heart to turn him out of it again. So says he,—

"Might I ax what Saint Pether is doin' just now?"

"He's at a hurlin' match," says the deputy.

"Oh murdher!" says Paddy, "couldn't I get a peep at the match while you're examinin' the books?"

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"I'm afeard not," says the saint, shakin' his head. "Besides," says he, "I think the fun is nearly over by this time."

"Is there often a hurlin' match here?" axes Paddy.

"Wance a year," says the saint. "You see," says he, pointin' over his showldher wud his thumb, "they have all nationalities in here, and they plays the game of aich nation on aich pathron saint's day, if you undherstand me."

"I do," says Paddy. "An' sure enough 'twas Saint Pathrick's Day in the mornin' whin I started from Portlaw, an' the last thing I did—of coorse before tellin' my sins—was to dhrink my Pathrick's pot."

"More power to you!" says the saint.

"I suppose Saint Pathrick is the umpire to-day?" says Paddy.

"No," says the saint. "Aich of us, you see, takes our turn at the gates on our own festival days."

"Holy Moses!" shouts Paddy. "Thin 'tis to

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Saint Pathrick himself I've been talkin' all this while back. Oh murdher alive, did I ever think I'd live to see this day!"

Begor the poor *augashore* of a man was fairly knocked off his head to discover he was discoorsin' so fameeliarly wud the great Saint Pathrick, an the great saint himself was proud to see what a dale the little man from Portlaw thought of him; but he didn't let on to Paddy how plaized he was. "Ah!" says he, "sure we're all on an aiquality here. You'll be a great saint yourself, maybe, wan of these days."

"The heavens forbid," says Paddy, "that I'd dhrame of ever being on an aiquality wud your reverence! Begor 'tis a joyful man I'd be to be allowed to spake a few words to you wance in a blue moon. Aiquality *inagh!*" says he. "Sure what aiquality could there be between the great apostle of Ould Ireland and Paddy Power, general dayler, from Portlaw?"

"I wish there was more of 'em your way of thinkin', Paddy," says Saint Pathrick, sighin' deeply.

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"An' do you mane to tell me," says Paddy, "that any craychur inside there 'ud dare to put himself an an aiqual footin' wud yourself?"

"I do, thin," says Saint Pathrick; "an' worse than that," says he, "there's some of 'em thinks 'tis very small potatoes I am, in their own mind. I gives you me word, Paddy, that it takes me all my time occasionally to keep my timper wud Saint George an' Saint Andhrew."

"Bad luck to 'em both!" says Paddy, interruptin' him.

"Whisht!" says Saint Pathrick. "I partly admires your sentiments, but I must tell you there's no rale ill-will allowed inside here. You'll feel complately changed wance you gets at the right side of the gate."

"The divil a change could make me keep quiet," says Paddy, "if I heard the biggest saint in Paradise say a hard word agen you, or even dar' to put himself on a par wud you!"

"Oh, Paddy!" says Saint Pathrick, "you mustn't allow your timper to get the betther of

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you. 'Tis hard, I know, *avic*, to sthruggle at times agen your feelin's, but the laiste said the soonest mended."

"An' will I meet Saint George and Saint Andhrew whin I get inside?"

"You will," says Saint Pathrick; "but you mustn't disgrace our counthry by makin' a row wud aither of 'em."

"I'll do my best," says Paddy, "as 'tis yourself that axes me. An' is there any more of 'em that thrates you wud contimpt?"

"Well, not many," says Saint Pathrick. "An' indeed," says he, "'tis only an odd day we meets at all; an' I can tell you I'm not a bad hand at takin' my own part—but there's wan fellow," says he, "that breaks my *giddawn* intirely."

"An' who is he? the bla'guard!" says Paddy.

"He's an uncanonized craychur named Brakespeare," says Saint Pathrick.

"A wondher you'd be seen talkin' to the likes of him!" says Paddy; "an' who is he at all?"

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"Did you never hear tell of him?" says Saint Pathrick.

"Never," says Paddy.

"Well," says Saint Pathrick, "he made the worst bull—"

"Thin," says Paddy, intherruptin' him in hot haste, "he's wan of ourselves—more shame for him! O wait till I gets a grip of him by the scruff of the neck!"

"Whisht! I tell you!" says Saint Pathrick. "Perhaps 'tis committin' a vaynial sin you are now, an' if that wor to come to Saint Pether's ears, maybe he'd clap twinty years of Limbo on to you—for he's a hard man sometimes, especially if he hears of any one losin' his timper, or getting impatient at the gates. An' moreover," says Saint Pathrick, "himself an' this Brakespeare are as thick as thieves, for they both sat in the same chair below. I had a hot argument wud Nick yesterday."

"Ould Nick, is it?" says Paddy.

"No," says Saint Pathrick laughin'. "Nick

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Brakespeare, I mane—the same indeveedual I was tellin' you about."

"I beg your reverence's pardon," says Paddy, "an' I hopes you'll excuse my ignorance. But you wor goin' to give me an account of this hot argument you had wud the bla'guard whin I put in my spoke."

Begor Saint Pathrick dhrew in his horns thin, an' fearin' Paddy might think they wor in the habit of squabblin' in heaven he says, "Of coorse, I meant only a frindly discussion."

"An' what was the frindly discussion about?" axes Paddy.

"About this bull of his," says Saint Pathrick.

"The mischief choke himself an' his cattle!" says Paddy.

"Begor," says Saint Pathrick, "'twas choked the poor man was, sure enough."

"More power to the man that choked him!" says Paddy. "I hopes ye canonized him."

"'Twasn't a man at all," says Saint Pathrick.

"A faymale, perhaps?" says Paddy.

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"Fie, fie, Paddy," says Saint Pathrick. "Come, guess again."

"Ah, I'm a poor hand at guessin'," says Paddy,

"Well, 'twas a blue bottle," says Saint Pathrick.

"An' was it thryin' to swallow the bottle an' all he was?" says Paddy. "He must have been 'a hard case.'"

Begor Saint Pathrick burst out laughin', an' says he, "You'll make your mark here, Paddy, I have no doubt."

"I'll make my mark on them that slights your reverence, believe me," says Paddy.

"Hush!" says Saint Pathrick, puttin' his finger on his lips an' lookin' very solemn an' business-like. "Here comes Saint Pether," he whispers, rattlin' the kays to show he was mindin' his duties. "He looks in good-humour too; so it's in luck you are."

"I hope so, at any rate," says Paddy; "for the clouds is very damp, an' I'm throubled greatly wud the rheumatics."

"Well, Pathrick," says Saint Pether, comin' up to the gates—Paddy Power could just get a sighth

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of the pair inside through the bars of the wicket—"how goes the inemy? Have you had a hard day of it, my son?"

"A very hard mornin'," says Saint Pathrick. "They wor flockin' here as thick as flies at cock-crow—I mane," says he, gettin' very red in the face, for he was in dhread he was afther puttin' his fut in it wud Saint Pether, "I mane just at daybreak."

"It's strange," says Saint Pether, in a dhramey kind of a way, "but I've noticed meself that there's often a great rush of people in the early mornin': often I don't know whether it's on my head or my heels I do be standin' wud the noise they kicks up outside, elbowin' wan another, an' bawlin' at me as if it was hard of hearin' I was."

"How did the match go?" says Saint Pathrick, aiger to divart Saint Pether's mind from his throubles.

"Grand!" says Saint Pether, brightenin' up. "Hurlin' is a great game. It takes all the stiffness out of my ould joints. But who's that outside?" catching sighth of Paddy Power.

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"A poor fellow from Ireland," says Saint Pathrick.

"I dunno how we're to find room for all these Irishmen," says Saint Pether, scratchin' his head. "'Twas only last week I gev ordhers to have a new wing added to the Irish mansion, an' begor I'm towld to-day that 'tis chock full already. But of coorse we must find room for the poor sowls. Did this chap come *viâ* Purgathory?" says he.

"No," says Saint Pathrick. "They sint him up direct."

"Who is he?" says Saint Pether.

"His name is Paddy Power," says St. Pathrick, "He seems a dacent sort of craychur."

"Where's he from?" axes Saint Pether.

"The Parish of Portlaw," says Saint Pathrick.

"Portlaw!" says Saint Pether. "Well, that's sthrange," says he, rubbin' his chin. "You know I never forgets a name, but to my sartin knowledge I never heard of Portlaw before. Has he a clane record?"

"There's a thrifle wrong about it," says Saint

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Pathrick. "He's down on the way bill, but there are some charges agen him not quite rubbed out."

"In that case," says Saint Pether, "we'd best be on the safe side, an' sind him to Limbo for a spell."

Begor when Paddy Power heard this he nearly lost his seven sinses wud the fright, so he puts his face close up to the wicket, an' he cries out in a pitiful voice,—

"O blessed Saint Pether, don't be too hard on me. Sure even below, where the law is sthrict enough agen a poor sthrugglin' boy, they always allows him the benefit of the doubt, an' I gives you my word, yer reverence, 'twas only by an accident the slate wasn't rubbed clane. I know for sartin that Father McGrath said some of the words of the absolution before the life wint out of my body. Don't dhrive a helpless ould man to purgathory, I beseeches you. Saint Pathrick will go bail for my good behaviour, I'll be bound; an' tis many the prayer I said to your own self below!"

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Faix, Saint Pether was touched wud the implorin' way Paddy spoke, an' turnin' to Saint Pathrick he says, "'Tis a quare case, sure enough. I don't know that I ever remimber the like before, an' my memory is of the best. I think we'd do right to have a consultation over the affair before we decides wan way or the other."

"Ah give the poor *angashore* a chance," says Saint Pathrick. "'Tis hard to scald him for an accident. Besides," says he, brightenin' up as a thought sthruck him, "you say you never had a man before from the parish of Portlaw, an' I remember you towld me wance that you'd like to have a represintative here from every parish in the world."

"Thrue enough," says Saint Pether; "an maybe I'd never have another chance from Portlaw."

"Maybe not," says Saint Pathrick, humourin' him.

So Saint Pether takes a piece of injy-rubber from his waistcoat pocket, an' goin' over to the

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enthry-book he rubs out the charges agen Paddy Power.

"I'll take it on meself," says he, "to docthor the books for this wance, only don't let the cat out of the bag on me, Pathrick, my son."

"Never fear," says Saint Pathrick. "Depind your life on me."

"Well, it's done, anyhow," says Saint Pether, puttin' the injy-rubber back into his pocket; "an' if you hands me over the kays, Pat," says he, "I'll relase you for the day, so that you can show your frind over the grounds."

"'Tis a grand man you are!" says Saint Pathrick. "My blessin' on you, *avic!*"

"Come in, Paddy Power," says Saint Pether, openin' the gates; "an' rimember always that you wouldn't be here for maybe nine hundred an' ninety-nine year or more only that you're the only offer we ever had from the Parish of Portlaw."

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KING JOHN AND THE MAYOR.

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I SUPPOSE it's well known that King John made two visits to the city of Watherford. The first time he came he was only a slip of a boy of about nineteen year, an' his father, who had a hard job rearin' him (for 'tis the unmannerdly young cub he was) thought he'd kill two birds wud wan stone by gettin' rid of the prince for a short spell in the first place, an' by gettin' the boy to make himself frindly wud the Irish chiefs in the second place.

But nothin' would suit young Mast'ier John except divarsion an' bla'guardin'. The moment he put his fut on Irish soil he began to poke fun at the ould chieftains' beards. 'Twas jealous the young jackanapes was of the fine hairy faces of the crowd that met him on the quay of Watherford, for divil a hair he could grow on the upper part of

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his lip, though he was near dhraggin' the English coort into bankruptcy wud the quantities of bears' grease an' other barbers' thricks he thried day afther day to coax out even a few morsels of a moustache.

Anyhow he made naither a good beginnin' nor a good endin' on his first thrip to Ireland. He ate so much fresh salmon that a rash broke out on him, an' nearly dhrove him to despair, for he was fond of the faymales, an' a man wud a bad rash even if he's a prince of the blood isn't the soort of craychur to make much headway wud the girls.

He got over the rash, however, in due coorse; an' built an hospital in mimory of his recovery; an' to this day it stands there at the fut of John's Hill, an' is called the "Leper Hospital."

As soon as he got well rid of the rash, he began to make ructions in the counthry, kickin' out the rale ould anshant owners of the soil, an' makin' presents of what didn't belong to him to his own follyers. Begor even owld Henery, the father, got unaisy at

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the son's plan of campaign, so back he calls Prince John an' puts a Misther Decoorcy in his place.

Well, time passed on, an' when his call came, ould Henery the Second wint to Limbo ; an' afther a spell, the son John got a howld of the throne. He had always a hankerin' for the Watherford salmon, even afther the rash it broke out on him, so as soon as he could make things snug in the English coort, away he sails again for Ireland.

This time of coorse he was a full king, an' as he was several years ouldher, the Watherford people naaturally expected his manners would have improved ; so they made up their minds to forget the thricks an' bla'guardin' of the nineteen year ould prince, an' to give King John a hearty welcome.

When the Mayor an' Corporation heard the news that the royal barge was comin' up the river, they put on their grand robes and started down the quay. They wint outside the walls a bit until they came to a piece of slob land near the mouth of a sthrame, an' there they stud up to

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their ankles in slush until the king's ship hove in sighth. Thin they waved a flag of welcome to his Majesty, who was standin' on deck, an' bawled out to him to dhrop anchor abreast of them. So the captain—a red-whiskered Welshman who chawed more tobaccy than was wholesome for him—puts the ship's head in for the shore, an' dhropped anchor as soon as he got close to the slob where the Mayor and Corporation wor standin'.

"How are we to get ashore, boys?" says King John, makin' a fog-horn of his fists.

"Aisy, *avic*," says the Mayor. "It's a sthrong ebb tide now, an' if you'll go below into your cabin the ship will dhry while your clanein' your face an' hands an' fixin' the crown on your poll."

"All right," says King John. "Come aboord as soon as the tide laives her."

"I will," says the Mayor.

Wud that King John went down to the cabin, an' in about half an hour the ship began to ground an' very soon afther the Mayor, not heedin' the

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sighth of a fut or two of wather between him an' the king's craft, made a start to go down to her.

"Howld on there, where ye are," says he to the Corporation. "If ye was all to come aboord maybe 'tis heel over the little vessel would, for she looks a crank piece of goods."

"All right," says the Corporation. "We'll wait here till you return, an' a safe journey to your worship!"

Well, whin the Mayor got on deck of coorse his boots were dhrippin' wud mud an' wather.

"Is there a door-mat aboord?" says he to the skipper.

"Divil a wan," says the skipper. "Do you think 'tis in a lady's chamber you are?"

"You're an unmannerdly lot," says the Mayor, stampin' on the decks an' givin' a kick out wud his left leg to shake some of the water out of his boot.

Just at that moment up comes King John from the cabin, an' a few spatthers of mud went into his royal eye.

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Before the Mayor could open his mouth to ax pardon the King bawls out at him, "What the mischief do you mane, you lubber? Will nothin' plaize you only knockin' the sighth out of my eyes an' dirtyin' my decks wud your muddy say-boots? 'Tis more like a mud-lark than a Mayor you are."

The poor Mayor very nearly lost his timper intirely at the insultin' words of King John, for 'twas none of his fault that he dirtied the decks, but he managed to conthrol himself, an' says he, "I ax your majesty's pardon for bringing the mud aboord, but might I make so bowld as to inquire how I could be expected to have clane boots afther thrampin' through the slush out there. An' as for knockin' the sighth out of your eyes," says he, "I give you me word I never seen you comin' up the cabin stairs or I wouldn't have lashed out wud my leg."

"Give me none of your lip," says the King. "I'd cut your ugly sconce off if I thought there was an atom of thraison in your mind."

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"Thraison!" says the Mayor, mighty indignant, for 'tis a proud soort of a man he was in his way. "I don't know the maynin' of the word."

"I'll soon tache you the maynin' of it, you spalpeen," says the King; "an' if you don't go down on your bended knees an' beg my pardon this minute, an' give me your note of hand for five hundred pound I'll dhraw your teeth first for you, an' thin I'll thry you for thraison, wud meself for judge and jury, as soon as I sets fut in the city."

The mischief only knows what would have happened thin only for a chum of the King's who came up from the cabin at that minute.

"Your Majesty," says the young lord, "I think, with all due respects to you, you're too hard agen the Mayor. Sure the poor man did his best. He came aboord at the risk of gettin' a heavy cowld in his head, in ordher to give you an airly welcome, an' how could he mane thraison when he ran such a risk to sarve you?"

"Maybe you're right," says King John, who

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owed the young lord a big lump of money and was partial to him for other raisons too. "Maybe you're right; an' I know," says he, "that my timper is none of the best; and moreover the say-sickness isn't out of my stomach yet, bad luck to it! All right," says he, turnin' to the Mayor, an' spittin' on his fist. "Put it there," says King John, howldin' out his hand.

So the Mayor spit in his own fist, an' the pair shuk hands quite cordial.

All would have gone well then but for the iligant beard an' whiskers the Mayor wore. The sighth of them fairly tormented King John, an' the bla'guard broke out in him again as he looked at his worship an' saw him sthrokin' the fine silky hairs which (savin' your presence) nearly shut out the view of the honest man's stomach.

"I'll take me oath 'tis a wig," says the King to himself; "an' faith if the wig isn't stuck mighty fast to his chin the tug I'll give it will soon laive it in fragments on the deck."

So the King goes over to the Mayor an' pur-

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tended to be admirin' the beautiful goold chain his worship carried round his neck, an' while a cat would be lickin' her ear he gives the beard such an onmerciful dhrag that he tore a fistful of it clane out of the dacent man's chin.

The Mayor set up a screech—an small blame to him—that you'd hear from this to Mullinavat, an' begor the crowd ashore thought 'twas bein' murdhered he was; so King John, fearin' the Corporation might thry to sink himself an' the ship if they knew he was afther damagin' their mayor, thought 'twas the best of his play to knuckle undher at wance. He begs the Mayor's pardon in a mortial funk, an' says he to him, "We'd best be gettin' ashore immajertly the both of us."

The poor Mayor of coorse couldn't afford to show timper agen a king, so brushin' the scaldin' tears off his cheek he made up his mind to pocket his pride; but at the same time says he to himself, "I'll tache this unmannerdly cub a lesson before he's many hours ouldher."

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"All right, your majesty," says he, aloud, to the King, "I quite agrees wud you that 'tis betther the pair of us should go ashore at wance; but come here," says he, takin' King John to the bulwarks of the ship an' pointin' over the side." "Now I ax you," says he, "how are you to get ashore wud at laiste a fut of wather inside the little vessel still, an' fifty yards, more or less, of dirty soft mud forenenst you?"

Begor, the King seemed puzzled at this; but he knew there was no time to be lost, for the crowd ashore was beginnin' to grow bigger, and it was aisy to see that throuble was brewin', for a few of the quay boys were peltin' an odd pavin'-stone at the ship. "I laive it to you, Misther Mayor," says he; "but whatever you do, don't keep me standin' here in the cowld, for I have a wake chest, an' my inside is complately out of ordher afther the voyage."

"Begor!" says the Mayor, dodgin' a box of a pavin'-stone that came aboord that minute, "I dunno what's best to be done. You'd get your

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death if you wor to thramp it ashore in them patent leather boots of yours. I'll tell you what I'll propose," says he.

"That's what I'm waitin' for you to do," says the King, intherruptin' him; "an' if you don't be quick about it, maybe 'tis hot wud a stone I'll be, an' in that case," says he, "'twill be me duty as a king to bombard the city wud cannon-balls. D'ye mind me now?" says he, beginnin' to show timper agen.

"I do," says the Mayor. "Sure, if you didn't take the words out of my mouth, I was goin' to say that I'd carry you safe ashore on my own two showldhers."

"Very well," says King John; "but if you wish for paice an' quietness you'd betther stir your stumps quick, for I tell you I won't stand here to be made a cockshot of by these Watherford bla'guards."

"Come on, thin," says the Mayor.

So wud that the sailors fixed what they calls a cradle, an' a few frinds of the King lifted him up

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on the showldhers of the Mayor, an' down the pair wor lowered into the little wash of wather inside the ship.

"Howld a tight grip of me now," says the Mayor, makin' a start; "for 'tis an onsartin sort of a journey. There's a dale of shifthin' sands about here, an' if I wor to make a false step or lose my bearin's, maybe they'd never hear of your majesty again in England; p'raps 'tis swallyed up in the mud the pair of us 'ud be, an' I have a heavy family dependin' on me."

"I'll keep a study grip," says the King; "an' for your own sake, an' the sake of your heavy family, I'd recommend you to pick your steps as if 'twas threadin' on eggs you wor."

"Never fear," says the mayor. "Is the crown fixed firm on your head?"

"'Tis," says King John.

"The raison I axed you," says the Mayor, "is that I thought 'twas a thrifle too big for you. I noticed it wobblin' about on your head afther you came up from the cabin."

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"Well, to tell you the thruth, an' 'tisn't often I do the like," says the King, "I didn't laive my measure for that crown; but I've rowled a sthrip of newspaper inside the rim of it, an' it doesn't fit at all bad now," says he, shakin' his head, an' fixin' an eye-glass into his eye.

"Did you buy it ready-made? pardon me for axin'," says the Mayor.

"No," says King John; "but it belonged to my big brother, Richard."

"I've heard tell of him," says the Mayor. "The 'Lion Heart' they called him, wasn't it?"

"It was," says King John; "but between yerself and meself"—for he was mighty jealous of his brother, an' indeed, he hadn't a good word to throw to a dog—"'twas a 'thrick' lion he tore the heart out of."

"Is that so?" says the Mayor.

"'Tis," says King John. "You see," says he, "himself an' Blondin wor great chums intirely, an' Blondin bein' a circus man—"

"I know," intherrupted the Mayor. "He crossed

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over the Falls of Niagry on a rope, didn't he?"

"He did," says King John. "'Tis round his neck I'd like to have had the rope, for 'tis an onaisey time of it he gave meself be rescuin' my brother. I made sure they'd cooked his goose in that Austrian castle, but nothin' would suit his chum Blondin, if you plaize, except whistlin' some of his ould circus tunes outside the walls, until the King of Austria let him in. Well, Blondin brought in a thrick lion wud him that he used to be showin' off at the fairs. 'Look here,' says he to the King of Austria, 'that man you're keepin' down in the cellar is a match for a lion.' 'Prove it,' says the King of Austria. 'I will,' says Blondin. 'Well, take the muzzle off yer baste,' says the King of Austria, 'an' let the pair of 'em have a fair stand-up fight; an' if King Richard bates the lion I'll give him his liberty.' 'Done!' says Blondin; so wud that he brings the lion down into the cellar, an' of coorse my brother knew 'twas only an ould painted jackass without a tooth in his head, so he

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makes wan grab at the unfortunate animal an' tore the heart clane out of him."

"Oh, murdher!" says the Mayor. "An' that's why they call him the 'Lion Heart,' is it?"

"It is," says King John.

"An' what's that they calls yerself?" says the Mayor, who knew well that King John didn't like to be reminded of the nickname he was known undher in the English Coorts, an' wanted to take a rise out of him on the quiet.

"I'll tell you what, my bucko," says King John, for he felt the Mayor all of a thremble undher him, an' he knew it was smotherin' a laugh in his sleeve he was, "I'll tell you what, my bucko," says he, "you'd betther give me none of your sauce. Only for the onnathural way I'm placed now, perched up here like a canary-bird, I'd soon let you know who you wor thryin' to poke your fun at. D'ye mind me now?"

"Begonnies!" says the Mayor, "'tis no fun, I can tell you, to be endeavourin' to get safe ashore wud such a precious load on me showlders. If

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yer Majesty thinks 'tis for a lark I'm carryin' you, let me tell you that you're intirely mistaken. Oh murdher!" says he, dhroppin' on wan knee, "but 'tis into a boghole we are!"

Of coorse he knew there wasn't a boghole wudin a mile of him, but he wanted to divart the King's mind from what he was afther sayin' about his nickname, for 'tis in dhread he was that maybe he was carryin' the joke too far.

"Boghole!" bawls the King, nearly jumpin' out of his skin wud the fright. "Let me down, you scoundhrel," says he. "I see now that 'tis a thraisonable plot you have agen me afther all. I wondhered why it was you worn't makin' a sthraight coorse for the firm shore."

An' sure enough the Mayor had gone a dale out of his road just in ordher to have a rise out of King John, to pay him off for havin' given his beard the tug.

The pair of 'em wor now standin' close to the mouth of the pill, an' the mud all round was as soft as butthermilk, an' the poor Mayor was more

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than half-way up to his knees in it; but he knew every inch of the ground, an' wasn't in the laiste danger or dhread of himself. Of coorse, if King John fell from his showlders there 'ud be an end of him, for he'd rowl down into the wathers of the pill before the Mayor could have time to get a grip of him.

"Go straight for the shore this minute, I command you," says the King.

The Mayor saw that his Majesty was in a fair rage, so he made up his mind not to play any more thricks on him but to make a short cut through the mud to the Corporation.

"Howld your grip now," says he, givin' the King a sudden hoist to straighten him on his back; an' before the words wor well out of his mouth off tumbles King John's crown an' down it rowls into the pill.

"Oh murdher!" says the mayor, forgettin' himself complately, an' going to dhrop the King into the mud. "'Tis lost the crown is! There's twenty fut of wather there if there's an inch, an' there

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isn't a diver on the face of the earth would take a headher into it, the wathers are that filthy!"

"What are you doin', you ruffian?" screams the King, catchin' a grip of the Mayor's whisker wud wan hand an' of the goold chain wud the other. "Dhrop me at the peril of your life, you onnathural mousther," says he.

"An' what about the crown?" says the Mayor, thryin'to take the King's fist out of his whiskers.

"Let it go to Jericho!" says King John.

"'Twouldn't be the first time 'twas there, anyhow" says the Mayor, who was fond of his joke.

"'Tis a quare man you are," says King John, thryin' to smother a laugh; "but go on, you bla'guard," says he, "an' put me on dhry land at wance, an' no more of your thricks."

"Never fear!" says the Mayor; "an' I hopes we're none the worst frinds afther all's said an' done."

"None the worse," says King John, "only we'll be betther frinds as soon as you land me in a hard spot."

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So the Mayor put his best fut forward an' in a few minutes himself an' the King were shakin' hands wud the Corporation.

"You'll catch your death of cowld," says the Mayor to King John, "if you stand there much longer wudout your crown. Have you any objection," says he, "to wearin' my hat for a spell until they have time to forge a new figure-head for you?"

"Not the laiste objection in life," says King John, fixin' the Mayor's hat on his head. "But 'tis dhry work, shakin' hands, boys," says he, addhressin' the crowd assembled on the quay; "so the sooner we shapes our coorse for the nearest *shebeen* the betther I'll like it, at any rate."

"Bravo!" says the Corporation, startin' a procession wud King John at the head of 'em an' a fife an' dhrum band from Ballybricken follyin' up in the rear.

Well, to cut a long story short, King John whin he was laivin' Watherford made a present of his borrowed *caubeen* to the Corporation; an' if you

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doubts my word you can go down to the Town Hall any day an' ax to see King John's hat, an' the Mayor's secrethary will show you the self-same wan that King John got the loan of from the ould anshent Mayor--an' a very dilapidated speciment of head gear it is too.

That's the true story of how King John lost his crown in the wash of the Pill, as the little sthrame is called ; an' sure 'tis known as John's Pill to this day.

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THE ESCAPE OF JAMES THE SECOND.

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IT was a little before the dawn of a July mornin' many year ago, when Jimmy Murphy, a thin, spare man that kept the enthrance gates of the bridge of Watherford, at the County Kilkenny side, was roused out of a sound sleep by a terrible clatther.

He jumped up off his bed an' came out of the toll-house rubbin' his eyes, an' the first thing he caught a glimpse of was the flash of steel. There wasn't much light in the sky, an' it tuk little Jimmy the best part of a minute before he spied a horseman outside, who was runnin' his swoord back and for'a'd along the bars of the gates just like a little scamp of a boy when he's passin' a set of railin's wud a stick in his hand.

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"Howld your row, will you?" shouts Jimmy at the horseman.

"Open! open! quick!" shouts the horseman back at him. "I'm in a desperate hurry, my good man."

"Take it aisy!" says Jimmy. "I'm not hard of hearin', thanks be to Heaven! What's your business at this time of night?"

"I'm James the Second," says the man on the horse, "an' King Billy's sogers are hot fut afther me."

"Ah thin," says Jimmy, undher his breath, "so 'tis to 'dirty Shamus' I'm spaykin'!"

"What's that you're muttherin'?" says King James.

"*Naboclish!*" says Jimmy Murphy.

"Thranslate that," says King James, "for I'm a poor hand at the Irish."

"So I've heard," says Jimmy. "It manes God save the King."

"Which King?" axes James the Second.

"Yerself, of coorse," says Jimmy.

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"If that's your mind," says King James, "you'd betther let me through at wance, for if the Orangemen catches me 'tis mince-mate they'll make of me."

"I'll turn the lock for you," says Jimmy, "wud a heart an' a half; but what am I to say to the sogers when they comes up an' axes me if you passed through these gates?"

"Tell 'em a lie, of coorse," says King James.

"'Deed an' I won't, my good man," says Jimmy.

"What!" says James the Second. "Not tell a lie to save a king!"

"No," says Jimmy; "nor to save my own immortal sowl would I say a word that wasn't gospel thruth, on the face of it."

"Thin what's to be done?" says King James. "Couldn't you tell 'em a white lie if your conscience won't stretch to a black wan?"

"Well," says Jimmy, "I might tell a weeny wan on a pinch. I have it!" says he, for the little man had as many twists an' turns in him as a corkscrew. "There's a small private enthrance at the side of the

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gate here, wud just room enough for a man to pass through, an' if you gets off your horse I'll let you in by this private enthry, an' then I can go outside meself an' lade the baste in by the big gate, an,' of coorse, I can tell the Orangemen wud an aisy conscience that you didn't come through the main enthrance."

"Begor," says King James, "if I had a hundhred ginerals as full of sthrategy as yerself 'tisn't here I'd be this blessed an' holy night. What's your name?" says he.

"Jimmy Murphy," says the little man, puttin' the kay to his mouth an' blowin' some crumbs of dirt out of it.

"I'll not forget it," says King James; an' wud that he jumps off his horse an ties the reins to wan of the bars.

Then Jimmy went to the little wicket an began to feel for the kayhole in the darkness. "You'll have to stoop here," says he, "or you'll knock the crown off your head."

"Begor," says King James, "'tis wudout a crown

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I am. I rode away in such a hurry that I clane forgot it, an' I have no doubt the Orangemen have made a futball of it by this an' kicked it into the Boyne water."

"An' is it from the Boyne you're afther comin'?" axes Jimmy, humourin' the kay in the lock.

"'Tis," says King James. "I'm afther ridin' at a full gallop straight from the battle of the Boyne."

"An' are you afther losing the battle?" axes Jimmy.

"I am, bad luck to it!" says King James.

"I'm sorry for your throuble," says Jimmy, for although he wasn't over partial to James the Second, still he couldn't help feelin' for him because of his belongin' to the ould faith, an' moreover bein' a namesake.

"Well you'd best come through, anyhow," says he, openin' the little gate by main force, for the hinges wor mighty rusty.

"You ought to put a dhrop of sweet oil on them hinges," says King James, settin' his teeth an' entherin' on the bridge. "They're in want of

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moisture," says he, wud a laugh, "as much as my own throat, an' that's rusty enough this minute. Have you a taste of anything handy, Jimmy?"

"Well," says the little man, "I think there's a small dhrop of rum in a bottle in the toll-house—if that's to your likin'."

"Anything is in saison now," says the King, smackin' his lips, "though I'm partly a teetotaller."

So Jimmy went into the toll-house and brought out a small black bottle an' handed it to King James.

"I'll go out an' lade in the horse," says he, "while you're clearin' the cobwebs out of your throat," an' sayin' the words he went out to the horse, which was all covered wud foam an' sweat, an' he led the poor baste in by the big enthrance-gate. Then he closed the gate afther him, an' King James walked over to the horse an' handed Jimmy back his bottle.

"Good-bye now, Jimmy," says the King, mountin' into the saddle, "an' I'll laive it to yerself how to put King Billy's sogers off the scent; an' if ever I

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comes into my rights again I'll make a mimber of Parlyment of you."

"I'll do my best, you may depind," says Jimmy.

"Good-bye, again," says King James, "for the best of frinds must part."

"Stop a minute, my good man!" says Jimmy. "You're forgettin' something."

"I know what you're dhrivin' at," says King James, "but I haven't got any small change about me."

"Is it a bribe you think I wants?" says Jimmy, nearly losin' his temper, for 'tis a proud little man in his way he was, though his wages worn't very handsome. "Do you think," says he, catchin' a grip of the bridle, "that I'd soil my hands wud your dirty money except what was due to me in a way of business?"

"An' what is it you requires?" axes King James.

"The toll," says Jimmy, as short as you plaize.

"Is this a toll-bridge?" says King James.

"You know well it is," says Jimmy.

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"An' what would you say, my fine man," says King James, "if I wor to give your fist a smack of my swoord an' gallop across the bridge?"

"I'd say you worn't the first king that broke the law," says Jimmy.

Begor, that answer staggered James the Second, an' says he, "How much is the toll?"

"Sixpence ha'penny to you," says Jimmy, "an' a good riddance at the money."

"How dar' you spake like that, you bla'guard?" says the King, hotly.

"Oh don't let us be argufyin' or squabblin'," says Jimmy, "or 'tis down atop of you King Billy'll be."

Faix, James the Second cooled down all of a sudden at the mention of King Billy, so he puts his hand in his throuser's pocket and says he,—

"How do you make it sixpence ha'penny?—'tis a most onnathural charge!"

"Sixpence for the horse, an' a ha'penny for the man," says Jimmy. "That's the rate by special Act of Parlyment."

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"I thought ye passed man an' horse for sixpence," says King James.

"So we do," says Jimmy, "if the rider sticks to his saddle."

"Well, I suppose there's no use in hagglin' about it," says King James, "though I regard the ha'penny as extortion."

"Divil a use of arguin'," says Jimmy, "an' I despises your slandhers."

So the King hands over the sixpence ha'penny, copper by copper, as if he wor partin' wud his life's blood, for 'tis very near in his daylin's he was.

"Maybe you'd like a resate for this," says Jimmy, who was fairly disgusted wud the way the King grumbled an' growled over a few ha'pence.

"You can send it afther me to France," says James the Second, not seein' it was humbuggin' him Jimmy was, an' wud that he dug his spurs into his horse an' away he galloped over the bridge.

"Ah!" says Jimmy, lookin' afther him as he

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rethrated, "'tis no wondher they call you 'dirty Shamus'! However," says he, "I've passed my word to put King Billy off the scent, an' Jimmy Murphy never broke a promise to man or mortial."

An' puttin' King James's coppers into his pocket, Jimmy went back into the toll-house, an' was soon fast asleep.

About four o'clock—broad daylight, of coorse—he was started out of a dhrame of himself sittin' in Parlyment wud a crown on his head, by a tunderin' rattle of horse hoofs; an' goin' out from the toll-house he saw a great sighth of horse sogers, all dhressed in yellow clothes, pressin' up to the gates.

"Open, quick!" cried a big man, wud a crown on the back of his poll, givin' the bars a back-handed wipe of his swoord.

"What's your business, if you plaize?" says Jimmy. "We don't open here till six o'clock, unless on an emergency."

"Do you know who I am?" says the big chap on the horse.

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"I partly guess you're King William the Orangeman," says Jimmy.

"That's a good guess," says the horseman, "for that's my name an' occupation sure enough, an' I give you my word it's a rale case of emergency that brings me here. Tell me," says he, "did James the Second pass through this gate this mornin' or last night?"

"He did not," says Jimmy.

"Maybe," says King William, "he climbed over it."

"No, nor undher it aither," says Jimmy.

"Well, that puzzles me," says King William, "for 'twas only at Kilmacow beyant we lost the scent of him, an' I made sure 'twas for Watherford he was flyin'."

"Perhaps," says little Jimmy, "'tis to New Ross he went."

"Perhaps," says King William, "but I have my doubts of it. Are you sure he didn't pass through this gate?"

"Sartin," says Jimmy.

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"Well then," says King William, "he must aither have gone on to New Ross or swum across the river."

"Wisha!" says Jimmy, fearin' King James's fat would be in the fire if the Orangemen tuk it into their heads to hunt for him in Watherford. "Wisha! how could an exhausted man swim three-quarthers of a mile in the cowld of the airly mornin'?"

"Maybe," says King William, "he made a raft an' crossed on it."

"A raft!" says Jimmy. "I suppose you think he's a descindant of Robinson Crusoe?"

"There's no knowin' what thricks he'd be up to," says King Billy. "Anyhow, I have my notions that 'tis in the city of Watherford we'll nab him; but to be on the safe side, I'll divide my min."

Begor, Jimmy feared it was all over with King James thin, an' he was sore vexed to think that all his sthrategy had gone for nothing so far, an' 'twas more aiger than ever he was now to put the sogers off the thrack.

"Come here, Rawhead!" says King William to

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a big lump of an Orange trooper. "Take a hundhred min wud you into the city, an' I'll go on to New Ross wud the rest. Search every public-house for him," says he, "an' every ship at the quay."

Then King William blew a few blasts out of a silver-mounted bugle, an' the min divided themselves into two lots.

"Now thin," says he to Jimmy Murphy, "throw open the gates, an' let Captain Rawhead an' his throopers pass!"

"You must pay full toll, you know, before I puts a kay in the lock," says Jimmy, thinkin' that the big sum of money might frighten the Orangemen off.

"How much do you make it?" says King William.

"It's sixpence a horse," says Jimmy—"a heavy charge, but there's a special Act of Parlyment for it."

"That's two pound ten," says King William. "Will you take my note of hand for the amount?"

"I won't," says Jimmy, "for I'm not allowed to dale in anything but coin of the realm."

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"You can charge it agen the Naational Debt," says King William. "I'm rather short of change at the moment."

"That seems to be a general complaint," says Jimmy.

"'Tis," says King William. "Are you agreeable? I give you my word we charges everything agen the Naational Debt."

"I'm only a sarvint," says Jimmy, "an' my ordhers are to take nothing but money, an' good money too."

"'Tis a rock of obstinacy you are," says King William; "but I'll thry what I can do" says he, for he was a perseverin' man at any rate, an' had his mind fixed on gettin' his follyers through the gates at any sacrifice.

So he rode his horse about through the sogers, an' between 'em all they made up the two pound ten, an' King William passed the money through the bars of the gate into Jimmy's fist.

Of coorse poor Jimmy hadn't a word more to say then, so he tuk his kays out of his pocket, an'

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wud a sore heart he opened the gates for Captain Rawhead an' his hundhred min.

"At any rate," says he to himself, "I've dodged King Billy about for a long spell, an' if poor James the Second has any gumption in him he'll be halfway down the river by the time the sogers gets into the city."

Well, when King William had galloped away on the road to New Ross an' Captain Rawhead had started to cross the bridge, poor Jimmy went back into the toll-house an' fell fast asleep again. He was awoke this time by a man shoutin' into his ear,—

"Jimmy! Jimmy, *avic!* get up!"

Little Jimmy started off the stretcher he was dozin' on, an' rubbed his eyes, an' who did he see standin' alongside him but an ould frind of his, Mick Gorman by name, that kept the "Royal Oak" in the city of Watherford!

"Good morra, Mick," says Jimmy; "an' what brings you here at this time of day?"

"Begor, wan 'ud think 'twas a dormouse you

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wor," says Mick, "for 'tis bawlin' at you I've been for the past five minutes, an' every minute is worth its weight in goold now."

"What time is it?" axes Jimmy, yawnin'.

"On the sthroke of five," says Mick Gorman.

"Thin 'tis about an hour since the sogers went over the bridge. Did you see any Orangemen in the city?"

"Indeed an' I did," says Mick; "an' 'tis by raison of that I've made such an airly visit to yerself."

"Is that so?" says Jimmy.

"'Tis," says Mick Gorman. "I must tell you," says he, "how matthers stand, an' then we'll howld a council of war."

"All right," says Jimmy, "fire ahead, an I'll keep listenin'."

"Well," says Mick, "about two hour ago I was woke out of bed by a double knock at the hall door, an' puttin' on my throwsers, I went downstairs an' opened the premises. 'I wants refreshment for man an' baste,' says a sthranger that was

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standin' outside howldin' a horse by the bridle. 'Are you a bony fidy?' says I. 'I am,' says he. 'I've thravelled hundhreds of miles since I went to bed last.' 'All right,' says I. 'What's your name?' 'Well,' says he, 'I must ax you a queshthion first.' 'What's that,' says I. 'Are you an Orangeman?' says he. 'Is it jokin' you are?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'I'm in fair airnist.' 'Arrah! my good man,' says I, 'there was never wan of my breed or generation that 'ud have inthercourse wud an Orangeman except to take his money.' 'Very well,' says the sthranger. 'Thin I'll tell you my name, if you'll promise to keep it to yerself.' 'I'll pass my word so far,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'my name is King James the Second.'

"Begor, Jimmy," says Mick Gorman, "I was sthruck all of a heap when I found 'twas the King of all England I was spaykin' to, so says I, 'If you'll step into the parlour, Sir, I'll attend to you meself as soon as I've put up the royal horse.' So King James came in, an' as soon as I'd given

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the horse a mash of bran and a few dabs of a wisp, I went into the parlour to the King. 'I hope you'll pardon me for keepin' your Majesty standin' at the door,' says I. 'Hush!' says he. 'Call me plain Misther Stuart, if you plaize, for no wan must know who I am at all. An' if you'll cook me a rasher an' some eggs at wance I'll feel obliged.' So I makes off for the kitchen an' got the fire lit an' the rasher an' the eggs cooked in a quarther of an hour, which is quick work I can tell you, Jimmy Murphy. Then I takes the male in to King James, an' as soon as he had swallyed the grub he says: 'Now I'm placin' myself in your hands complately. I see you're an honest man,' says he."

"How did he see that?" says Jimmy, interruptin' Mick.

"I suppose most kings is judges of characther," says Mick Gorman.

"I hope he's not a judge of noses," says Jimmy, wud a grin; "for there's 'twenty per sint over proof' marked on yours as plain as print."

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"Do you mane to insult me?" says Mick, lookin' as black as a hearse-horse.

"Ah! it's only my joke," says Jimmy. "Sure there isn't much to choose, from a gauger's point of view, between your nose an' my own."

"Begor, I believe not," says Mick Gorman, rubbin' a brand new grog blossom on the left side of his nostril. "At any rate 'tis King James's own words I'm afther tellin' you, an' you can believe me or not just as you like. 'I see you're an honest man,' says the King of all England to me; 'an' the likes of you is as scarce as blackberries at this time of year. What I want you to do,' says he, 'is to get me aboord of a ship that's sailin' for France immajertly, an' not to let a sowl know who I am. Can you do that?' says he! 'I think I can,' says I, 'for there's a brother of mine the captain of a lugger, an' he'll be startin' from the quay on the high wather.' 'When is that?' says King James. 'A thrifle before seven o'clock,' says I. 'That'll do,' says he, 'an' if you manages the job for me, I'll make a Mimber of Parly-

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ment of you when I comes into my rights again!'"

"Is that what he promised you?" says Jimmy.

"'Tis," says Mick. "It's his Majesty's own words I'm tellin' you. What makes you ax the queshtion?"

"Just for information," says Jimmy—"but go on wud your story, Mick Gorman, M.P."

"Well," says Mick, "I tould King James I'd start for the quay at wance an' make things right wud my brother Pat. So I put on my hat an' I left the house. I walked up the quay a bit an' what did I see but a whole parcel of Orange throopers comin' through the gates of the bridge. They dhrew themselves up outside the gates, an' I heard a big man that was at the head of 'em shout out: 'Now boys, you know King William's ordhers. Sarch every public-house for the vagabone an' every ship at the quays.' My heart went down into my boots at the words, for I knew who the 'vagabone' was. The big horse soger then shouts out again: 'Now there are a hundhred of

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you here. Let fifty of you take the ships an' fifty more the public-houses, an' to save time, divide yourselves wance more into fives, for that'll hasten matthers a dale. An' to the fifty of ye that's goin' to sarch the ships, this is my ordhers: If ye don't find him aboord any wan of 'em, line the ditches from top to bottom, an' see that he doesn't pass ye laither on!'"

"Line the ditches!" says Jimmy. "What did he mane by that?"

"I suppose he meant to line the quays," says Mick Gorman; "but being an ignorant man that wasn't brought up in a sayfarin' place he thought a quay was a ditch."

"Like enough," says Jimmy. "What did you do then?"

"Begor," says Mick, "I was nonplushed for a short spell, but I thought I'd best go aboord my brother's lugger an' arrange matthers there in case we could hit on a plan for smugglin' King James aboord. So I walks aboord by the plank to my brother's ship and roused him out of his bunk, and

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settled it all wud him about Misther Stuart in case we could pilot the cargo in safety through the town, an' then I wint back to the 'Royal Oak' and towld everything to his Majesty."

"Poor man, he was mighty sorrowful to hear the news I had for him about the Orangemen. 'What'll I do at all at all?' he axes me. 'I thought I could depind my life on Jimmy Murphy.' 'Jimmy Murphy!' says I—a dacenter man never broke bread." 'So I thought meself,' says King James, an' with that he towld me all about you, an' of coorse I blew a horn for you. 'Poor Jimmy,' says I, 'never went back of his word, I'll go bail; an' 'tis the clever little man he is too.' 'What'll we do at all at all?' says King James, wringin' his hands. 'Can't you think of any plan to get me safe aboord your brother's boat?' 'Worse luck,' says I, ''tis a poor hand I am on an emergency like this. I'm fairly bet.' 'How long do you think 'twill be,' says King James, 'before the sogers will make their way here?' 'Well,' says I, 'there are at laiste thirty

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public-houses between this an' the bridge, an' 'tis like enough they'll have a dhrop in aich house. It's now about half-past four,' says I. 'I think we might safely calculate on them not gettin' this far until about half-past six.' 'That'll be just on the high wather,' says King James. 'I think the tide'll run till seven,' says I, 'for my brother promised he wouldn't take the stage off until the town clock sthruck seven.' 'I'll tell you what you'll do,' says King James. 'Run over as quick as you can to the other side of the bridge an' send Jimmy Murphy here, for I have great confidence in the little man, an' wud the help of goodness he'll hit upon some plan to smuggle me through the sogers on the quay.' 'You're right,' says I to the King. 'Jimmy is the man.'

"So that's why you see me here now," says Mick Gorman, fairly out of breath.

"Faix," says Jimmy, "you've lost a dale of time as it is wud your rigmarole story; but no matther! I have a plan in my head already."

"What is it?" axes Mick Gorman.

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"That's my business," says Jimmy. "Now," says he, "let you take charge of the bridge an' open the big gate at six o'clock to the minute, an' I'll put my best fut forward for the 'Royal Oak.' Tell me, Mick," says he, "does the big whisky puncheon stand in the middle of the shop still?"

"It does," says Mick Gorman.

"How is it inside?" says Jimmy.

"There's only about three gallon left in it."

"*Only* three gallon!" says Jimmy, smackin' his lips. "But that's not I meant at all. I want to know what sort of a thing the inside of this whisky puncheon is."

"It's made to howld a hundhred and twenty gallon inside, of coorse," says Mick Gorman.

"A hundhred and twenty gallon of whisky!" says Jimmy, liftin' his hands an' lookin' spacheless. "Glory be to goodness! Why 'twould keep a man in the horrors for a year at laiste."

"That depends!" says Mick Gorman, laughin' hearty. "But between yerself an' meself, Jimmy," says he, "'tisn't all whisky, of coorse,

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we gives 'em, or 'twould play the mischief wud their livers."

"I know," says Jimmy. "Eighty gallon of sperits an' forty gallon of boilin' wather an' sugar-o'-candy makes the best public-house whisky, I'm tould."

"Begor, wan 'ud think you wor in the public line all your life," says Mick. "Who towld you we boiled the wather?"

"Sure it's only naatural you would," says Jimmy, "in ordher to melt the sugar-o'-candy. But you don't seem to undherstand in the laiste what I mane about the big puncheon of yours. What I want to know is if there are any nails stickin' out the ribs of it inside?"

"Nails stickin' out!" says Mick. "'Tis aisy known now you worn't born in the public business. Do you think 'tis like an empty sugar hogshead it is?"

"I didn't think anything," says Jimmy, a thrifle vexed. "I only axed for information."

"Well," says Mick Gorman, "the inside of it is

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as smooth as the barrel of a gun, if that's what you're dhrivin' at."

"That'll do," says Jimmy. "Now," says he, "where do you keep your tool-chest?"

"You'll find it undher the counther near the till," says Mick. "The till is locked, of coorse."

"I'll remember that," says Jimmy; an' off he starts at a throt for the "Royal Oak," leavin' the landlord lookin' afther him wud his mouth wide open like the slit of a post-office letther-box.

When he arrived at the "Royal Oak" he found King James sittin' in the back parlour partly disthracted. Every noise the poor man heard he thought 'twas the Orangemen; but when his eyes fell on Jimmy Murphy he seemed greatly relieved in his mind.

"How was it at all, Jimmy," says he, "that you let the vagabones through the gate?"

"There's no use frettin' over spilt milk," says Jimmy. "The sogers are in the city, an' the thing is to get you out of their grip, an' not to be axin why I let 'em pass, isn't it? Do you think

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I'm a match single-handed for a whole pack of dhragoons in full cry?"

"Of coorse not," says King James. "Don't heed my temper, Jimmy; for it's in a bad state of mind altogether I am. Only save my life whatever you do, an' I'll not forget you when I come into my rights wance more."

"I'll do my best for you," says Jimmy; "for I passed my word to you this mornin'—"

"An' you wor never known to go back of your promise," says King James, takin' the words out of little Jimmy's mouth.

"Never!" says Jimmy; "but there's no time to be lost, blowin' our own thrumpets."

"I know that," says King James; "an' I'll do anything you ordher me, Misther Murphy."

"Very well," says Jimmy. "Is there any wan up in the house yet?"

"Divil a wan," says King James. "At laiste I didn't hear a stir inside the house since Misther Gorman went out last."

"'Tis the mischief to rouse servants in the

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mornin'," says Jimmy; "but that's all in our favour now. Come into the shop wud me an' I'll thry an' thransmogrify you."

"You won't hurt me, I hope?" says King James, "for I was tendherly reared."

"Naither hurt nor harm will come to you at my hands," says Jimmy; "so thry and look a bit cheerful. Begor, 'twould frighten a horse from his oats if he saw what a long face you're pullin'. Have heart, man! Have heart!"

"I will, Jimmy, I will," says the King.

The pair of 'em then crossed the hall an' went into the shop. There wor square holes cut in the top of aich shutther so there was a fair share of light in the shop.

"What's that mystayrious bundle you have in your hands?" says King James to Jimmy, as they passed through the flap of the counther.

"A pair of pillows," says Jimmy. "Haven't you the sighth of your eyes?"

"Maybe 'tis goin' to smother me you are," says King James.

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"Look here," says Jimmy, "if you give me any annoyance wud foolish remarks like that I'll throw up the job altogether. Do what I tell you and keep your tongue in your cheek, for time and tide waits for no man."

"It'll be high wather at seven," says King James.

'Ay," says Jimmy; "an' for all the Kings in Europe it wouldn't run a minute laither. Doesn't that make you feel very small in yourself?"

"It does," says King James.

"Well, sing small now an' fetch me out a big tool-chest you'll find undher the counther near the ll," says Jimmy. "I'm not puttin' temptation in your road, for the till is double-locked."

So the King did as he was towld, an' Jimmy picked out a saw wud a taperin' point, an' mountin' a high stool that stood alongside the big whisky puncheon he set to work. Bein' a handy man it wasn't long until he had sawn the lid off the puncheon. Then he threw the lid on the ground an' jumped down afther it, King James gazin' at him all the time as if he was in a dhrame.

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"Hand me over that big copper measure there," says he to King James, pointin' to a three-gallon measure standin' on the counther.

Of coorse the King did as he was towld, but he looked mighty onaisey, an' says he, "What is it you're up to at all, Misther Murphy?"

"I'll tell you when I'm done," says Jimmy; "but I can't spake when I'm busy, so howld your whisht, if you plaize, James," says he.

It tuk nearly ten minutes to dhraw off the whisky from the puncheon, an' when the measure was full Jimmy turned to the King,—

"Now get up on the stool there and jump into the puncheon," says he.

"Man alive!" says King James, "sure the fumes of it would knock me off my head complately."

"Betther be knocked off your head than have your head knocked off," says Jimmy. "Do what I tell you at wance if you have sense. Come look alive, James the Second," says he, "or I won't be answerable for the consequences."

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So the King never said a word, but mounted the stool and scrambled into the puncheon.

"It's just about your height, isn't it?" says Jimmy, workin' away wud an auger on the lid of the puncheon.

"'Tis," says King James, standin' on his tip toes an' lookin' over the top the same as a cow peepin' over a fence.

"Now," says Jimmy, "make yourself comfortable about the head with these pillows, an' you'll be aboord ship in due time. I'm afther borin' a lot of air-holes in the head of the puncheon so that you'll be able to have plenty fresh air on the journey."

An' sayin' the words Jimmy got up on the stool an' dhragged the lid of the puncheon up wud him. He was a sthrong little man for his build, but it tuke a few heavy sighs out of him before he could fix the lid in its place.

"Mind your sconce now," says he to King James; "for I'm going to hammer over your head."

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"Oh murdher!" says the King. "Did any one ever hear of the likes of this? 'Tis choke I will between want of air an' the smell of the whisky."

"'Tis thankful to Heaven you ought to be to have the chance of gettin' dhrunk so chape," says Jimmy.

"How do you feel when you're gettin' drunk?" says the King, his voice soundin' very hollow from the puncheon.

"Grand!" says Jimmy. "Grand intirely; but gettin' sober is the mischief's own job."

"I can't hear you wud the noise of your hammer," says the King, for Jimmy was hard at work fixin' the lid nately in its place wud some nails.

"Howld your tongue!" says Jimmy. "I think I hear the thramp of horse-sogers in the sthreet outside. Now wan last word to you," says the little man. "Whatever happens, or whatever inconvaynience you feel, don't let there be a whimper out of you. 'Tis like enough you'll soon be dead dhrunk an' then you won't feel any onaisiness until you're gettin' betther, but if you makes the

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slightest noise 'tis all up wud you. Good-bye now, James, an' mind, not a stir or a word out of you!"

Just as Jimmy was done spaykin', there was a thundherin' knock at the hall door. "Bad scran to it!" says he, "they'll be atop of us before the job is finished." So he whips a lump of chalk out of his pocket, an' he prents in big letthers on the puncheon,

"PICKLED PORK FOR SHIP'S USE ONLY."

Then he runs out to the door an' opens it, rubbin' his eyes as if he was just afther gettin' out of bed.

There wor five men at the door, aich of 'em howldin' a horse by the bridle, an' Jimmy soon saw they wor about three parts screwed.

"What can I do for ye, gentlemen?" says he, bowin' very politely.

"Is there any sthrangers lodgin' in the house?" axes wan of the sogers that had a sthripe on the sleeve of his jacket.

"None *lodgin'* here, worse luck!" says Jimmy.

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"Business is shockin' bad. But won't you step inside, sargeant?" says he. "Who is it you're lookin' for?"

"James the Second," says the sargeant.

"Murdher!" says Jimmy. "Is he in these parts?"

"We're towld so," says the sargeant, steppin' into the hall; "an' me an' my min is searchin' the public-houses for him."

"Dhry work, I'm sure," says Jimmy, grinnin' to himself.

"'Tis," says the sargeant, though, poor man 'twas as much as he could do to stand study on his legs. "Do you keep a good dhrop here? I'm sick an' tired of this wild-goose chase, an' I'll take your word for it that King James isn't here, if the dhrink's to my likin'."

"Don't take my word for anything," says Jimmy; "but obey ordhers, an' search the premises. Call in your men now an' let 'em prod the beds an' look up the chimbleys an' down into the cellars, for I wouldn't have it said that any man disobeyed ordhers on my account in this house."

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The fact of it was poor Jimmy was afeard to tell a downright lie, an' of coorse he knew they'd never think of lookin' for a King in a whisky puncheon.

Well, the sargeant called in two of his min an' towld 'em to search the house from top to bottom, an' when the min had started to go down into the cellar Jimmy took the sargeant into the shop an' says he,—

"Do you see that three-gallon measure of malt there?" pointin' to the copper standin' on the flure near the big puncheon. "I'll make yourself an' your comrades a present of it if you does me a bit of a favour. Take a sniff of it before you makes up your mind," says Jimmy, dhrawin' the poor man to the measure just like the sarpint drew Eve to the apple-three.

"Great stuff intirely!" says the sargeant, suckin' in his stomachful of the fumes. "I'll do anything in raison for three gallon of that. What is it you want?"

"Well, you see that big cask of salt pork there?"

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puttin' his hand agen the side of the puncheon. "I've sowld it to the captain of a little ship, an' he sent me up word last night that it should be aboord before seven o'clock this mornin'. It's just twenty minutes to the hour now, an' I clane forgot last night to give ordhers about the cask, an' all I wants your min to do is to take it down to the little ship for me. Is it a bargain?"

"It is," says the sargeant. "Let us wet the conthract this minute."

So Jimmy dipped a tumbler into the measure an' passed it to the sargeant, who swallowed it as if it wor so much wather he was pourin' down his throat.

Just as he was dhrainin' the last dhrop in comes the sogers to the shop, an' of course they had to confess they couldn't find King James on the premises. The sargeant tould 'em of his bargain wud Jimmy, an' 'twas right glad they wor when they heard of it; an' they all sampled the stuff wud as much aise as the sargeant.

"Now," says Jimmy, "we must lower the cask

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on to this little throlly here; an' go to work gently, boys, or maybe some of the brine would find its way through the pores of the puncheon, an' you'd have the captain of the vessel dockin' me for short delivery."

Well, the four men got the cask safely mounted on the little throlly an' Jimmy opened the shop door.

"Here," says he, "let wan of you stand at aich side of the cask to study it, an' two more of you take howld of the rope."

"I'll tell you a betther an' a quicker way," says the sargeant. "Two of us can stand at aich side of the barrel an' we'll harness four horses on to the throlly. The other two men can remain here to keep shop for you, Misther Landlord, an' we'll be at the ship an' back again for the three gallons before the clock will sthrike seven."

"A great idaya!" says Jimmy, "an' I'll lock up the whisky while ye're harnessin' the horses."

It was about a quarther to seven when they started from the "Royal Oak," an' in less than five

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minutes they were gallopin' along the quay in grand style, until Jimmy cried "Halt!" as they came abreast of Pat Gorman's lugger.

The fifty horse-sogers were by this time linein' the quays, an' wan of 'em had planted himself just outside Pat Gorman's craft.

"Make way there for pickled pork!" shouted the sargeant, as the throlly dhrew up alongside the sentinel.

"Aisy a bit!" says the sentinel. "We have ordhers to examine everything that comes aboord."

"This is only pork, man," says the sargeant. "I'm afther examinin' it meself;" for 'tis in dhread he was of any delay that would keep him from hurryin' back to the three-gallon measure.

"In that case," says the sentinel, "we'll pass it along, sargeant; an' what's the manein' of your convartin' yourself into a thransport?"

"I'd think you'd best promise him a share of the whisky," whispers Jimmy to the sargeant; "for 'tis a dacent man he is not to be delayin' us wud the usual red-tape regulations."

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"All right," says the sargeant. "I'm agreeable." An' then he towld the sentinel all about the bargain he sthruck wid Jimmy Murphy.

"Here's a sample of the stuff," says Jimmy, offerin' a flask of it to the sentinel. "An' now, boys," says he, turning to the sogers that wor on fut, "unload the pork and rowl the barrel aboord by the stage, for 'tis as near high wather as it well can be."

Poor James the Second was in a dead sleep by this time, as Jimmy partly guessed he would be, so the unloadin' of the cask from the throlly and the rowlin' of it aboord the ship didn't inconvaynience him in the laiste.

Of coorse Jimmy went aboord an' whispered a few words on the quiet into Pat Gorman's ears, an' when the cask was safe an' snug on the ship's deck he shuk the skipper by the hand, an' says he,—

"Don't broach the pork until ye're outside the harbour, for 'tis a tendher piece of mate."

Thin, Jimmy and the sogers walked ashore and

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in no time the stage was taken off the lugger; an' as the town clock was sthrikin' seven Pat Gorman's ship started out into the sthrame an' was soon out of sighth behind Crummle's Rock.

An', wudout a word of a lie, that's the way poor James the Second escaped from Watherford to France.

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THE LAST OF THE DRAGONS.

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IT was a fine spring mornin', an' Saint Pathrick, when he saw the first sighth of the sun peepin' in through the blinds of his windy, thought he'd tumble at wance out of bed an' have a gallop across counthry to settle his stomach before breakfast.

He was afther puttin' a hard night of it over him, an' he didn't feel very comfortable in himself, so he just poured a jug of cowld wather over his head an' gave himself a few dabs of a towel and down-stairs he crept, of coorse after fixin' on his clothes.

He was on a visit this time in the County Limerick wud a neighbour of his, another Saint, but wan that couldn't howld a candle to Saint Pathrick in discoorsin', or card-playin' ; an' as he knew his frind was a light sleeper an' a late riser he made as little noise as he could gettin' out of

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the house. He just took a top hat off of a big nail in the hall, an' goin' round to the stable he bitted his horse an' fixed him for the ride wud his own two fists, an' then he jumped into the saddle as active as a circus man.

On he rode, anyhow, thinkin' hard to himself what more good he could do in the ould counthry.

"I'm afther convartin' all the kings an' the princes an' such like," says he to himself; "an' betther than that," says he, "I'm afther banishin' every sarpint an' other varmint clane out of the land. I left 'em the fox, of coorse, for 'tis a fine huntin' people they are, an' all pray and no play makes Pat a dull boy; but I flatther myself that afther the curse I read agen the reptiles there isn't as much as a toad 'ud dar' to show his snout on Irish soil. 'Tis a great man intirely I am!" says he, diggin' the spurs into the horse; an' sure there was small blame to him to be proud of himself.

Well, the words wor scarcely out of his mouth whin he lifted his head to have a look at the sky;

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an' begor, the screech he let out of him frightened the poor animal he was ridin' into a canther.

"Be good to me!" says he, "but 'tis snakes, I see."

Naaturally he felt 'twould play the mischief wud him if it ever came to be heard he was in such a desperate condition, an' cursin' the hard livin' he had been enjoyin' wud the other Saint, he was about turnin' tail an' throttin' home in despair when he felt his own horse thremblin' all over like a jelly-fish.

"Maybe, afther all," says Saint Pathrick to himself, "it's a raal live dhragon I sees on the horizon, sent to me as a punishment for my pride."

So he lifts his head wance more, an' studys himself in the saddle, an' puttin' wan hand over his brows, he mutthers,—

"Oh begor, there's no mistake about it! 'Tis a rale dhragon, sure enough, an' a cunnin' ould rascal too if I'm any judge of the likes of him. That fellow is three hundred year ould at the very laiste, an' where the mischief he could have been

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hidin' is a fair puzzle to me. No matther," says he, "I'll prayche a sarmon agen him that'll dhraw all the venom out of him or I'll know for what. Get along now, good horse," says he, "an' let us see what we can do for this play-acthor."

So the Saint rides on a few hundhred yards until he gets within hailin' distance of the dhragon, purtendin' all the time he hadn't persayved him.

As soon as the dhragon, who was about six hundhred feet from the tip of his snout to the end of his tail, sees the man on horseback, he gives a chuckle to himself, and says he,—

"Begor, it never rains but it pours! I haven't had a male ashore for nearly a twelvemonth, on account of that cursed Saint Pathrick, an' here on my first mornin's journey I comes across a man an' horse almost at daybreak. There's a dale of bone about the baste," says he; "but we mustn't look gift horses in the ribs." An' wud that he bursts out laughin' an' sends a blast of fire out of his mouth right in the direction of Saint Pathrick. "That'll give him pepper," says he, dhrawin' in his breath.

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"Phew!" says Saint Pathrick, addhressin' his horse. "That's the game, is it? Well, I've often heard tell of blowin' a kiss to a party by way of good morra, but fire an' sulphur is a new sort of a way of axin' a man how-do-you-do. Never mind his blasts, ould horse," says he, pattin' the animal on the neck; "I've said the prayers agen dhragons already, an' naither hurt nor harm can come to us."

The horse gave a neigh out of him just as much as to say, "I quite understands you," an' on Saint Pathrick throts until he gets right abreast of the varmint.

"Good morra, good man," says the dhragon, complately at a loss to undherstand how it was that the blasts of fire an' smoke he was sendin' out of him didn't seem to throuble the sthranger. "It's a mighty sthrong stomach you must have to howld out agen the sulphur fumes."

"Sulphur, is it!" says Saint Pathrick. "Sure, I partly lives on it. I takes it with thraycle every mornin', an' fine wholesome stuff it is."

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"Bad luck to it!" says the dhragon, feelin' a bit nonplushed, "I suppose that's wan of the new dodges this divil of a Saint Pathrick is afther taychin' the people of this misfortunate counthry."

Of coorse Saint Pathrick knew for sartin then that the dhragon didn't recognize him, so he made up his mind to have a bit of a play wud him before banishin' him intirely.

"An' where have you been," says he, "that you didn't hear of the new rules an' regulations about craychurs of your kind?"

"What's that to you?" says the dhragon, who had no intintion of lettin' anybody know where his hidin' hole was.

"You might keep a civil tongue in your head, anyhow," says Saint Pathrick. "Civility is chape, an', if you'll be said by me, you'll thry to save those fumes of fire an' sulphur that you're spittin' out there for some betther land, for no more on Irish soil have you the laiste chance of harmin' a son or a daughther of Erin. That's wan of the new rules and regulations, Misther Dhragon," says

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Saint Pathrick, nearly out of breath afther the long spayche.

"Mighty fine bounce intirely!" says the dhragon. "Wan 'ud think 'twas Saint Pathrick himself you wor by the darin' manner you have. An' now," says he, "as I haven't much time to spare I must only just make wan male of the pair of yez. I'm sorry I can't make two coorses of ye, but I'm in no end of a hurry an' as hungry as a Friar on Ash Wednesday."

Wud that the dhragon opened his mouth so wide that you cud see about two or three hundred feet of his inside, an' the two fangs he had at aich corner of his jaw stud up like a pair of telegraph poles.

Saint Pathrick got a bit of a turn at the sighth, for this was the biggest dhragon he'd ever seen in all his thravels, but he just said a short prayer, an' begor, there was the dhragon fixed to the spot wud his mouth wide open just like the enthrance of a cave.

"That's what we calls lockjaw," says Saint

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Pathrick, wud a hearty laugh. "I hopes you enjoy it. That's another of the new rules and regulations, my sweet fellow. Now maybe you'd keep a civil tongue in your head if I gev you the chance again, an' talk less of breakin' yer fast off meself an' the horse."

There was an implorin' look in the dhragon's eye just as much as to say, "Sure you know I have no chance agen you, an' of coorse I'll be civil-spoken if you gives me wan more opportunity." An' Saint Pathrick seein' this said another prayer, an' down dropped the baste's jaws wud a snap as loud as the burstin' of a cannon-piece.

"O murdher!" says the dhragon, wud a sigh out of him like half a gale of win'; "but that's the mischief's own rule an' regulation. An' what may your name be, your honour?" says he.

"Well, as you axes a civil questhion," says the Saint, "I'll give you a civil answer. My name is Saint Pathrick."

"Saint Pathrick!" shouted the dhragon. "Oh what cursed luck druv' you in my road this mornin'?"

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"Take care of yer langwidge, now," says Saint Pathrick, "or maybe I'd give you a taste of another new rule an' regulation. An' now that we undherstands aich other, might I ax you how dar' you remain in the counthry afther my ordhers that all the varmint wor to be banished?"

"I'm no varmint," says the dhragon, pluckin' up courage again; "an' whether I am or not I have a laygal right to remain in the land of my forefathers."

"Arrah whisht!" says Saint Pathrick, "an' don't be thryin' to rise my timper. Of coorse you're varmint, an' bad varmint too."

"You wrong me there," says the dhragon, "for I'm a descindant of an ould anshent king, an' 'twas by witchcraft I was changed at nurse."

Of coorse the dhragon knew right well that himself an' all his family for generations wor the dirtiest set of bla'guard dhragons that ever blasted a counthry, but he thought he'd work on the Saint's feelin's by tellin' him the yarn about his bein' an' Irish prince that was changed at nurse.

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"Show me your certificate of baptism," says Saint Pathrick, "an' I'll believe you, but not before."

"I left it at home on the dhresser," says the dhragon, in a thremblin' voice.

"Well, I don't mind ridin' wud you to see if it's the thruth you're tellin' me; but mark you," says Saint Pathrick, "if it's bringin' me on a wild goose chase you are, I'll thransmogrify you into a laughing jackass an' ordher you to the sayside for the little boys an' girls to ride about on in the summer time; an' a sayside donkey you'll remain until the Day of Judgment, like the wandherin' Jew."

"Oh murdher!" says the dhragon. "Sure 'twould be better go to the knacker's at wance than that, an' to tell you the thruth—for I see there's no use in thryin' to desayve you—I lost the paper hundhreds of years ago, but take my word for it, blessed Saint Pathrick, I'm not a dhragon by breed at all."

"Prove it, as I said before," says the Saint, "an' I'll see what's to be done for you."

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Of coorse the dhragon knew he couldn't prove the lie, an' he bethought him he'd thry and palaver the Saint a bit, so says he,—

"I know you're afther doin' a dale of good for the counthry, for between ourselves most of the varmint here wor a dirty lot, an' 'twas right glad I was to hear your own sweet self had made a clane sweep of 'em. I was thinkin' often, many centuries back, of turnin' informer agen the whole thribe of 'em, an' only I got a bad touch of rheumatics about twenty-five year ago, which kept me on the bed ever since, I'd have been the first to give your own self a welcome in these parts."

An' then clearin' his throat he began to sing out in a voice like a second-hand foghorn, "The dear little Shamrock."

Begor, Saint Pathrick got such a fit of laughin' at the dhragon's way of singin' a song that he nearly fell off his horse.

"'Tis the divil's playboy you are," says he. "Tell me," says he, "fair an' honest, are you afther comin' straight from the County Cork?"

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"I am," says the dhragon, turnin' the colour of mouldy cheese. "An' how the mischief do you know that?"

"I know mostly everything," says the Saint.

"So it seems," says the dhragon, lookin' more on aisey than ever. "What you don't know, Pathrick," says he, thryin' to humour the dacent man, "isn't worth larnin' or I'm no judge of characther."

"There you're wrong," says Saint Pathrick "However, I'm purty sartin on wan point and that is that your afther kissin' the Blarney Stone."

"Well, don't be talkin'," says the dhragon, "but the knowledge that's in you is enough to make me blush to the roots of my tail wud envy."

"It's thrue, isn't it?" says the Saint.

"'Tis," says the dhragon. "Just as I was abreast of Spike Island it sthruck me I'd venture inland an' have a look at the sighths, for 'tis often I heard tell of the vartues of the Blarney Stone."

All this time Saint Pathrick was dyin' of curiosity to know where the mischief this dhragon was while he was deliverin' the curse which banished the

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reptiles, but of coorse he didn't like to let on to a dhragon that he was ignorant of anything. The remark about Spike Island gev him a kind ot a sort of an idaya, an' says he,—

"'Tis fond of a swim you are, Misther Dhragon."

"You're right there," says the dhragon; "but how the mischief you knows all about my feelin's an' habits is a hardher puzzle to me every minute."

"I towld you there wor some things I didn't know," says Saint Pathrick, who was never ashamed of tellin' the thruth; "an' if you'll enlighten me on a few points, fair an' honest, mind you, I'll make an honourable thratey wud you."

"It's a bargain," says the dhragon, nearly ready to jump out of his scales at the notion of makin' an honourable thratey wud the great persecuthor of the dhragon thribe. "I'll tell you anything you axes, wudout a word of a lie, if you passes your promise to spare my life, for as dhragons go I'm only in the prime of manhood."

"All right," says Saint Pathrick. "I'll tell you the terms of the thratey when you answers my

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queshtions, but mind that 'tis the thruth you tell me, for 'tis the divil's own liar you are."

"Fire away," says the dhragon, "an' I'll answer you sthraight, for I know 'tis useless to thry an' bamboozle a larned saint like yerself."

"Where wor you the day I banished all the varmint from this counthry?"

"Well, to the best of my belief," says the dhragon, "I was hove-to in a fog that day off the banks of Newfoundland. You see, not like the other dhragons you sent to kingdom-come, I had always a great taste for the wather, an' when I was quite a youngsther I larned how to swim an' dive. Now when I heard that your own self was goin' to desthroy the breed, I made wan jump into the Atlantic off Cape Clear, an' sthruck out for the westhern ocean; an' that's how I got out of yer reverence's clutches."

"That explains it, of coorse," says Saint Pathrick. "Now tell me," says he, "how many more of ye is there in this vale of tears, so far as yer knowledge goes?"

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"Divil a wan more but meself," says the dhragon; an', begor, the tears came rowlin' down the poor baste's cheeks as he said the words. "I'm the last of the dhragons, worse luck!"

"The last of 'em!" says Saint Pathrick, fairly delighted to hear such good news.

"Ay, indeed," says the dhragon. "Of late the breed has been havin' a hard time of it. Saint George, over in England beyant, desthroyed all my relations there, except wan eldherly faymale cousin by the mother's side."

"An' what became of her?" axes Saint Pathrick.

"As misfortune should have it," says the dhragon, "the poor craychur emigrated over here on a raft, an' never bein' at say before she got so mortial sick that by the time I got to her side she was heavin' the last gasp."

"An' have you no family at all at all?" axes Saint Pathrick.

"Naither chick nor child," says the dhragon. "In my airly youth I was rather gay, an' could

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never knuckle down to mathrimony. Of coorse, if I had the laiste suspicion yerself was comin' over here, I'd have settled down beforehand, an' brought up a family whom I'd take care would larn how to swim an' dive. But yer reverence took the win' out of my sails complately, an' as I've said before, I'm the last of the dhragons."

Begor, the poor baste quite broke down as he towld his story to Saint Pathrick, an' to tell the thruth, though he was mighty glad to know there was an end to the breed of dhragons for ever an' ever, the great Saint couldn't help feelin' for the poor *angashore.*

"Look here," says he, afther wipin' a tear out of his eye, for 'tis a rale tindher-hearted Saint he was, "I won't be very hard on you. The terms of the thratey will be that you take your hook straight to the Shannon, an' do no damage on the road to man or mortial, an' I'll allow you to live the remainder of your naatural life in the salt ocean, where you'll be known to future generations as the great Say-Sarpint. But if ever you shoves yer

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snout on dhry land the thratey will be broke, an' you'll die of the lockjaw. I gave you a taste of what that means a while back."

"It's a bargain," says the dhragon, glad of any thratey that would save his life. "But raley you might sthretch a point for me—a poor misforthunate exile."

"What is it?" says Saint Pathrick.

"Well, to tell the truth, I'm fairly famished wud the hunger. When I met your good self I was headin' for that castle over beyant. There's a fine, fat landlord lives there—he rides sixteen stone, I'm towld—and between yerself an' meself 'twould be only a holy an' a wholesome deed to make an end of the rack-rentin' vagabone."

"I can't allow it," says Saint Pathrick, "though indeed I agrees wud you that his room 'ud be betther than his company; but sure even if you swallyed him his sons 'ud only be glad to take up the runnin'."

"Arrah, my dear man," says the dhragon, "'tis swally sons an' all I would, for I'm shrunk wud the hunger."

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Begor, 'twas a great temptation to Saint Pathrick, but he struv agen it an' shuk his head

"I can't allow it, Misther Dhragon," says he. "Sure you can have a fine male of salmon when you gets into the river—they're as thick as flies there now an' as fat as butther. Content yerself wud a snack of salmon if you'll be said by me. The best in the land wouldn't turn up their noses at the fish in the Shannon."

"Ah! but if yerself wor livin' on fish as long as I have been, you'd give a dale for a change of diet. You're mighty hard on me, Pathrick."

"Hard on you, you scoundhrel!" says the Saint. "This is what comes of havin' too much sintiment. It's as like as not I'll be hauled over the coals for makin' a bargain at all wud a heretic, but as I've passed my word to you I won't dhraw back, for I was never known yet to violate a thratey. Don't let me hear another grumble out of you now, or 'tis lose my timper I will."

Hunger an' vexation wor beginnin' to tell on the dhragon by this time, an' he was startin' to give

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a few ugly lashes wud his tail, but when he saw the dark look in Saint Pathrick's face an' knew there was no chance of gettin' round him, he purtended he was only thryin' to scratch his ear. But, of coorse, Saint Pathrick was up to the thricks and schames of dhragons, an' says he in an angry voice,—

"How dar' you show timper you bla'guard? Keep your ugly tail study, or I'll stand up in the stirrups this minute an' read the Curse of Crummle agen you."

Begor, the bare mintion of the Curse of Crummle sent a cowld thrill through the whole six hundhred feet of the dhragon's carcase, an' in a thremblin' tone he implored Saint Pathrick not to say the words. "Don't, acorra," says he. "Betther die of lockjaw at wance than have Crummle hove at me."

"I thought I'd fix you, my bucko," says Saint Pathrick. "Stir your stumps now, for I feel I'm gettin' an appetite for breakfast meself, an' I'm greatly in favour of regular livin'."

"Well, I wish you as good an appetite as my

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own," says the dhragon, "an' I'll be biddin' you a last farewell."

"Good-bye," says Saint Pathrick. "An' mind you keep your tail study on the road to the Shannon. You can scratch your ear," says he, wud a laugh, "as soon as you get abreast of Scatthery Island."

An' that's how the great Saint Pathrick got rid of the last of the dhragons.

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THE SIEGE OF DON ISLE.

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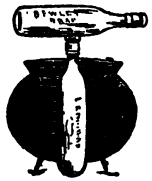

THE SIEGE OF DON ISLE

WHEN Crummle came to Munsther first he heard a dale of talk about a castle that was situated about half-way between Thramore an' Bonmahon, an' a head general of his made bowld enough wan day to tell him that the divil a bit of him 'ud ever be able for to take it.

Of coorse Crummle thought there was nothing above or below ground in Ireland he couldn't take, an' 'tis only laugh at the general he did.

"It's dhramein' you are," says he. "Sure what could stand agen my cannon-balls? an' 'tis lashin's and layvin's of 'em I have."

"Maybe 'tis laugh at the wrong side of your mouth you will," says the general, "when you claps your eye on this castle of the Poers"—for that was the name of the family that owned the

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buildin' I'm spaykin' of—"for 'tis the dickens' own place altogether."

"Arrah man!" says Crummle, "there's nothing too hot or too heavy for me. Sure the world couldn't stand agen me if I was only to let meself out."

"Plaize yourself an' you'll plaize me," says the general; "but, mind you, 'tis in airnist I am, an' maybe you'll be sorry by-an'-by that you didn't give heed to me. The divil himself couldn't take that castle, it's my humble opinion."

"Maybe 'tis in laygue wud the divil I am," says Crummle, wud an onaisey grin on him.

"Maybe!" says the general. "But 'twill take yerself an' ould Nick all yer time to grab their sthronghold from the Poers of Don Isle."

"An' what sort of a place is it all?" axes Crummle, surprised at the way his head general kept harpin' on the same sthring. "Did you ever take a survey of it?"

"I did," say the general, "through a sthrong night-glass, for nearer than that I didn't like to venture."

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"Is that so?" says Crummle, beginnin' to be throubled in himself, for he knew this same general was a darin' bla'guard. "What is it like at all?"

"Well, I'll tell you," says the general. "It's built near the say-coast on the top of a big square lump of solid rock that rises like the side of a house nearly two hundhred feet from the ground on all sides."

"Oh murdher!" says Crummle; "but that's the mischief's own sort of a place to build a castle! How big is it in diminsions?"

"I couldn't take the measurement of it by algebra," says the general; "but it's wan of the biggest in Munsther, an' the portholes in it are as plenty as peelers in a proclaimed disthrict."

"'Tis surprisin' how these bla'guard Irish thries to defy me!" says Crummle. "Have you any idaya as to the number of hands they keeps inside?"

"There's a sthreet-full of people in it, I'm towld," says the general. "They looked like a swarm of flies through the spy-glass, anyhow."

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"An' are they well armed?" axes Crummle.

"Arm.d, is it?" says the general. "Begor, aich of 'em is a walkin' man-o'-war."

"An' what sort of a chap is the owner of this monsthrosity of a castle?" axes Crummle.

"A chap!" says the general. "Sure 'tis a faymale that owns the place."

"Bad luck to yer impudence!" says Crummle. "Do you think I'm not a match for a faymale, or a whole ridgement of faymales, for the matther of that? The idaya," says he, "of tellin' me to my face that a slip of a girl could howld out agen me is nothing short of high thraison. For two pins I'd thrate you like I thrated Charlie the First."

"Oh, you needn't lose your timper!" says the general, "for the Countess of Don Isle is a match single-handed for a sthriker to a blacksmith. You should see the arm she have!"

"An' do you think I'm only as good as a sthriker to a blacksmith?" says Crummle. "Look here, general," says he, "'tis a fair coward you are!"

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"Coward!" says the general. "Did you ever hear me say before that I wasn't able to knock the daylight out of any woman in these parts? Arrah man!" says he, "this is a faymale giant, or you wouldn't hear me singin' small. 'Tis onnathural she is altogether, I tell you."

"Maybe you have designs on her," says Crummle, "an' are aiger to protect her."

"No more than yerself," says the general. "All the designs I have on her are to knock herself an' her castle into smithereens, an' yerself bein' the great Protecthor couldn't have any betther designs than that."

Begor, Crummle laughed at that, an' says he, "I'll christen you 'Protecthor of faymales' if you don't take this castle."

"All right," says the general. "Of coorse I'll do my best, but I hope we'll see yerself to the fore in the fight, for the poor craychurs in these parts thinks 'tis the divil himself you are, an' that gives us a great pull on 'em, glory be to heaven!"

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"Depind on me," says Crummle. "I'll make the first offer at this faymale, and if we don't grab the castle from her between us, I'll send in my resignation to the Long Parlyment."

Well, the next mornin' Crummle rides off by himself in the direction of Thramore, an' after a hard hour's gallop he gets within sight of Don Isle. He pulls up his horse an' takin' a telescope from the tail pocket of his coat he has a spy at the castle.

"Begor," says he to himself, "the general is right, sure enough! The dickens ever I'll take that place except by a sthrategy. I must have a day an' a night to think over this job," says he, "or maybe 'tis get into disgrace I will."

So he turns the horse's head, an' back he rides to the bog of Kilbarry, where his camp was pitched.

He sent at wance for the head, general, an' says to him,—

"Faix, 'tis right you are! This Don Isle is the mischief's own place. 'Tis bad enough to be

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sthrugglin' agen the Irish, but when you have to sthruggle agen natur' too, 'tis the dickens own job altogether. No matther, general," says Crummle, pattin' him on the showlder, "we have hapes of men, money, and gunpowdher, and those three ingraydients go a long way. Blow a blast out of your bugle now, an' I'll sing out my insthructions."

So the general blew his bugle, an' the sogers assembled at the call, and Crummle standin' up on the top of a travellin'-thrunk addhressed 'em :—

"God save you, boys!" says he. "I've summoned ye from your tints to make a few remarks. At midnight to-morrow we'll start out of this an' skirt the town of Thramore, a thrifle to the nor'a'd. Then we'll sthrike down by the village of Fennor, an' I'll encamp ye there, for I find there's some good shebeens in the neighbourhood. At daybreak I'll start out alone for Don Isle, an' if I can't put the comether on the owners of the castle, I'll ride back an' ax ye as honourable men to make wan *hurrish* at it an' take it by storm.

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It's only a faymale that keeps the castle, an' as far as my own survey this mornin' goes, I can tell ye all that there's hapes of women and children inside the walls—so let the watchword be, 'Remember Wexford!'"

Begor, a shout went up from the sogers at these words that you'd hear from Mizzen Head to Cape Clear, an' Crummle wud a wave of his hand dismissed the throops an' got off the travellin'-thrunk.

All day he spent in his own tint thinkin' over plans for comin' round the Countess of Don Isle; but he couldn't hit on anything that plaized him properly.

"I'll have a sleep over it," says he to himself, "an maybe an idaya'll come to me like it came to my friend Richard the Third in his dhrames."

Ever since the time she heard Crummle was prowlin' about the neighbourhood, the Countess of Don Isle kept a sharp look-out for him, though 'twas little consarn she felt for him or his sogers,

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knowin' they never cud take the castle from her unless by her own consint.

'Tis a fine iligant woman she was, measurin' about six fut in her vamps, an' she had the right sperit in her, only on wan point, an' 'twas on this very point, though little she thought so, the great wakeness in her armour was,—but we'll come to that part of the story in due coorse.

Lady Catherine—I believe I towld you that was the name of the Countess—had no end ot confidence in her head-gunner, Mike Morrissey; an' 'tis raison she had to be proud of him! He stud nearly six foot an' a half in his stockin' feet, an' he didn't know what it was to be second best in anything undher the sun. There wasn't a man in the counthry could shoot, fish, ride, or swim wud Mike or stand up agen him at a game of "forty-five," or in a row, or a hurlin' match; but for all that he wasn't a quarrelsome or a conthrarey man at all, so long as he wasn't dhruv too hard, for of coorse he had his feelin's.

Himself an' the Countess wor great frinds

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intirely, except on the wan point, an', as I've said afore, it was because of this wakeness in her characther that she was laiste sthrong where she expected she was most sthrong.

Now, Lady Catherine, wud all her vartues, was a rank teetotaller ; an' Mike Morrissey was fond of a dhrop. He was never seen to take too much —an' indeed 'twould be a power of the hard stuff that 'ud knock Mike off his head—but he liked his liquor in raison. Lady Catherine was always thryin' to get him to sign the pledge, but she couldn't come round him at all.

"I'd do anything for your ladyship," Mike used often say to her of an evenin' when she'd be sittin' on the sofy afther taytime. "I'd fight for you wud the last dhrop of my blood ; but a good glass of John Jameson now and again, and an odd pint of Guinness's porther is as necessary to my constitution as a cup of sthrong tay is to yours, ma'am. I can walk six Irish mile an hour wud aise, an' I'll go bail if I was to take the pledge I'd break down at four mile inside of a week."

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Afther a time the Lady Catherine saw there was no use in thryin' to convart Mike to her views, an' she gev it up for a bad job; but it made her all the hardher with the other sarvants an' follyers in the castle. She sent the butler off wud a month's wages in place of warnin', an' she locked up the kays of the cellar in a chest in her own bedroom; an' by degrees she got all the folk inside the castle grounds to take the pledge.

Mike was sore vexed at the way the Countess was actin', but he didn't say much, an' whenever he felt dhry he used to take a turn outside the walls an' spend a while in the nearest shebeen; but of coorse it disthressed him that he used to have to walk so far for his dhrop instead of havin' it handy, as in the ould times, on the kitchen dhresser.

Well, the evenin' of the day that Crummle addhressed his sogers at Kilbarry, Lady Catherine sent for Mike Morrissey to come to her private apartments.

"I hear, Mike," says she, "that this bla'guard Crummle is on the march to Don Isle."

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"I partly guessed as much," says Mike; "for when I was out havin' a pint to-day I was towld that a sthrange horseman was seen on the horizon this mornin', takin' a survey of the castle through a spy-glass."

"Is that so?" says the Countess.

"'Tis," says Mike.

"Then I hopes you're gettin' things snug for the visithors," says her ladyship.

"I am," says Mike. "I'll give 'em sugar in their tay, you may be sure. I've been hard at it all day, an' I'll go bail there'll be some exthra gray hairs on ould Crummle's skull before he finds a wake spot in our four walls, or gets a prod of a bay'net into our stomachs—savin' your presence, ma'am!"

"Are all the guns an' swoords an' things in ordher?" axes the Countess.

"They are, ma'am," says Mike, "as far as they go. I've scoured the insides of the cannons until 'tis like new churns they are, an' as for the swoords you could shave in the dark wud 'em; but indeed 'tis only for show we'll want the swoords or the

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cannons, for the dickens ever Crummle will get wudin rayche of a swoord except we make a sally out afther the vagabone when he's in full rethrate, an' I needn't tell yerself what sort the cannons are, but I'll make a display wud 'em, you may depind."

"'Tis a fine man you are!" says the Countess; "an' if you'd only sign the pledge I'd double your wages on the spot."

"The laiste said about that the betther," says Mike; "for what use 'ud more wages be to me if I couldn't enjoy meself in my own way?"

"Well, 'tis an obsthinate craychur you are," says the Countess; "but 'tis only for your good I'm spaykin', Mike."

"I know that, ma'am," says he; "an' 'tis much obliged to you I am for the intherest you takes in me. An' now if your ladyship would folly my advice I'd recommend you to take a lie down until mornin', for it wouldn't surprise me to see the sogers in the valley before we're a day ouldher, an' the deuce a much sleep you can expect to get while we're firin' the guns at the inemy."

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"All right, Mike!" says she. "I'll retire airly to-night, an' have a good long stretch."

"Well, pleasant dhrames to you, ma'am!" says Mike, bowin' down to the ground. "An' depind yer life on me!"

Next mornin,' soon afther the break of day, the Countess was awoke out of her sleep by the sound of a thrumpet, so up she jumps an' puts her head out of the bedroom windy.

Down in the valley under the castle walls, she sees a man on horseback wavin' a flag of thruce, an' at once Lady Catherine made up her mind this was an ambassadhor from Crummle himself.

The horseman didn't see her for a spell, an' begor, he nearly burst his *giddawn* blowin' blasts out of his bugle. The Countess, seein' at last that he'd exhausted all his spare win', gev a shout at him,—

"Did you think 'tis deaf we wor here?" says she. "What's your business, my man?"

"Is the Countess of Don Isle at home?" says the horseman, scarcely able to make his voice

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rayche the castle windy, he was so hoarse from screechin' into the thrumpet.

"She is," says the Countess. "I'm the party in questhion, an' who may you be, my cock-crowin' galivanther?"

"My name is Crummle," says the horseman; "an' I'm glad to find 'tis your own sweet self I have the pleasure of addhressin', Lady Catherine, my jewel."

"I've heard tell of you," says the Countess, "an' by all accounts 'tis a dirty ruffian you are."

"You're not over civil, anyhow, in your spayche," says Crummle, his cheeks gettin' as red as a turkey-cock's comb at the words of her ladyship. However he didn't purtend to be offended, for the more he looked at the castle the more he made up his mind that it was only by palaver or sthrategy it could be taken.

"This is a fine hardy-lookin' buildin'," says he.

"'Tis," says she. "I'm glad you admires it."

"An' yerself is a fine, wholesome-lookin' faymale," says he; "an' only I'm a married man,

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maybe 'tis make you an offer of my own self I would."

"Look here," says she; "I want none of your soft sawdher. If you have anything to say to me on business, say it at wance."

"Well, to tell you the thruth," says Crummle, "I'm gettin' sick an' tired of all this murdher an' bloodshed, an' I'm come to offer you terms."

"Terms!" says she. "What do you mane by that, you insultin' ignoramus?"

"Well," says he, "wan of my head generals has taken a great fancy to yerself an' the castle. He's a fine iligant man, an' a rank teetotaller, an' I'm towld you're given that way yerself. Now, if you consints to marryin' him, I'll make the pair of ye a present of the place, an' I'll rethrate wud my throops wudout firin' wan solithary box of a shot at you."

"You'll make me a present of my own castle!" says the Countess. "Well, don't be talkin', but you have the impudence of the ould boy! Look here, Crummle," says she, fairly losin' her timper,

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"if you don't gallop away this minute, I'll give you a little cowld lead to break your fast on."

"Lead, is it!" says Crummle, wavin' his flag.

"Yes," says she, "an' I can tell you that though I'm agen breakin' the rules I'll disregard your flag of thruce, for no dacent woman ought to have mercy on a thraithor."

Begor, Crummle turned as white as the big starched collar he wore round his neck at the word "thraithor," for 'tis right well he knew he was afther cuttin' off a king's head, and between anger an' dhread he lost conthrol of himself for the minute.

"I gev you the offer," says he, "but now I withdhraws it, an' shot an' shell is the medicine I'll ordher you for your conthrariness."

"Two can play at that game," says the Countess, secin' that her words wor bitin' like pizened daggers into Crummle, "an' I have a grand docthor intirely in my head gunner. He'll feel your pulse for you, I'll warrant."

"Well," says Crummle, puttin' his pride in his

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pocket for the instant, "I'll give you the offer wance more, an' if you don't take it," says he, pointin' over his showldher wud his flag of thruce, "I'll thrate you, mark my words, like I've thrated your cousins over beyant there."

"How was that?" says the Countess aigerly, for she hadn't heard any news about her relations for a week or more, and Crummle's words sent a cowld thrill through her.

"I'm afther murdherin' every blessed wan of 'em," says Crummle.

Begor, when the Countess heard this, she set up a screech, an' Crummle knew he was afther puttin' his fut in it by tellin' her the news, so cursin' his runaway tongue he dug his spurs into his horse an' galloped off, thinkin' every minute 'tis a box of a bullet he'd get in the back.

"Murdher alive!" says he to himself, "but 'tis all up wud my sthrategy now. I must only make a bowld dash of it, an' if I can't take the castle by storm I'll do my best to starve the garrison out."

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Just as Crummle started off, Lady Catherine rushed up to the battlements, where she knew she'd find her head gunner.

"Mike!" says she, tearin' her hair. "Did you hear that?"

"I did," says he; "an' 'twas only waitin' for the word from yerself I was to open fire on him."

"We couldn't hit him, you know, Mick," says she, "on account of his flag of thruce, for that's agen the thirty-nine articles of war."

"I know that," says Mike; "but in spite of all the rules and regulations, if you only said the words in time I'd have let fly the biggest cannon-ball on the premises at the dirty rapscallion."

"It's a pity you waited for ordhers," says she.

"I wouldn't," says Mike, "only I knew how hard you wor on any one in your employ breakin' the thirty-nine articles, an' firin' wudout ordhers is even worse than disregardin' a flag of thruce, accordin' to Cocker."

"Well, now," says the Countess, "I'll give you my ordhers fair an' square."

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"I'm all attintion," says Mike, touchin' his cap.

"Crummle—oh, the dirty ruffian!" says she. "I can scarcely mention his name wudout gettin' a taste in my mouth."

"I don't wondher at that," says Mike; "but have heart, my lady. We'll give him a dose that he won't recover from in a hurry. There's no time to lose, however, ma'am," says he, "so the sooner you give your commands, the sooner I'll be able to make preparations accordin'ly."

"You're a dutiful man, Mike," says the Lady Catherine. "Crummle's sure to bring his throops up undher the walls this very day, an' my ordhers are first and foremost to keep firin' at him until the guns are red-hot."

"That won't be long, I fear," says Mike, intherruptin' her, "for most of 'em is as thin as the plates of a cargo steamer."

"You can only do your best," says she; an' while they're coolin' you have free permission from me to pour boilin' wather, and melted butther, an' red-hot nails, an' hot stirabout, an' any mortial

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thing you can think of, down atop of the sogers, for I'll not thrate the scoundhrels any longer accordin' to the thirty-nine articles."

"I'll prepare to carry out your ordhers to the best of my judgment," says Mike. "An' now, ma'am," says he, "I'm afeard you'll be catchin' cowld on the battlements, an', maynin' no offence, you're dhressed light for such a dhraughty spot as this."

"You're right, Mike," says she, shruggin' her showldhers; "but sure it went out of my head complately that I hadn't the ordinary complement of clothes on me. I hopes you'll excuse me."

"Don't mintion it, ma'am," says he. "To tell you the truth" (for Mike was fond of a joke), says he, puttin' his hand on a barrow-load of ammunition, "I thought you mistook this for a ball-room."

"'Tis a dhroll man you are," says she, laughin' back at the head gunner; an' wud that she thripped down the stairs like a grasshopper to her dhressin'-room.

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Then Mike Morrissey set to work. He got the guns charged wud powdher to the muzzles, an' he lit a big fire on the top of the battlements, an' planted a great three-legged iron pot atop of the fire. An' afther that he ordhered the cook to come up from the kitchen an' look afther the boilin' of the ingraydients to heave down on the inemy.

When the cook an' himself had everything in full swing, Mike says to her, quite innocent-like,—

"Bridget, *alanna!* will you go down to the misth'ess an' ax her for the kays of the cellar?"

"You know well, Mike," says the cook, "that to ax Lady Catherine that same would be as much as my place 'ud be worth!"

"Bad luck to it!" says Mike. "I think ye're all in laygue wud her to keep me from my rights, an' if a dhrop in raison isn't wan of my rights, I dunno what is. Go on now, Bridget," says he, puttin' his hand tindherly on her showldher. "Sure if you only thried you cud coax herself out of the kays, or maybe get a howld of 'em unbeknownst to her."

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"'Deed an' I won't thry for to do anything of the sort, Mike Morrissey," says Bridget, tossin' her head; "an' 'tis surprised at you I am to ax me to do the like."

"An' what in the name of mischief am I to do for a pint now an' again while the inemy is undher the walls?"

"There's lashin's of soda-wather and lemonade in the lardher," says the cook.

"Is there?" says Mike in a jeerin' voice; "an' do you think I'd desthroy my inside wud soda-wather an' lemonade to plaze the whims of a parcel of conthrairey women? Stop!" says he, an idaya sthrikin' him. "How many bottles of this hogwash are below?"

"Twelve dozen of aich," says the cook.

"Bring the lot up here," says Mike.

"Man alive!" says she, "sure you're not goin' to swally the contints of twenty-four dozen bottles! Is it a gas-retort you thinks you are?"

"Ax me no questhions, and I'll tell you no lies," says the head gunner. "But do my biddin', Brid-

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get, for I'm first in command now, afther herself, of coorse; an' committin' mutiny is a sayrious offence agen the articles of war."

"Are we undher martial law now?" axes the cook.

"We are," says Mike; "an' though 'twould give me a great turn to do the like, maybe 'tis dhrive me to suspend you by the habeas corpus you would; so you'd best look alive about that twenty-four dozen, Bridget, my darlin'."

Begor, the poor cook ran down the stairs before the last words were well out of Mike's mouth, an' Mike walked up an' down the battlements as grand as if he wor a lance-corporal of militia. There was a smile on the corners of his mouth, too, an' says he to himself, "That'll kill two birds wud the wan stone. Twenty-four dozen makes two hundhred an' eighty-eight by the multiplication table, or I'm no scholard; an' I'm able to break the cup at Aunt Sally two times out of three at the long range. Now, standin' up here, 'twill go hard if I can't do as well as that at the inemy, for 'tis nearly right

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undher me they'll be. That'll be nigh on to two hundhred skulls I ought to crack wud the bottles. An' the best of the joke," laughs Mike, "will be that 'twill exhaust all the teetotal dhrink in the castle, an' nothing will be left but the rale Simon Pure that's locked up in the cellar, so Lady Catherine will have to fork out the kays when the fun wud Crummle is over."

It wasn't long until all the faymale sarvints in the place—an' 'twas a great sighth of 'em there was, too—were mountin' the stairs to the battlements wud the soda-wather an' lemonade. Mike showed the girls where to pile the bottles, an' then he dismissed 'em, cook an' all; "for," says he, "it won't do to have me disthracted wud petticoats when the heat of the work is on me, an' besides," says he, winkin' at the girls, "though I know ye'd like to keep me company here, and though I'd sooner be gazin' at yer purty figures than at the grandest cannon-piece ever forged, still we have our duty to perform to our employer, an' there 'ud be a hundhred times more danger from the

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inemy if they caught a glimpse of ye up here, for 'tis death on the women Crummle an' his sogers are, an' they'd go through fire an' soda-wather," says he, "to massacray ye."

As soon as he got rid of the women, who wor all in love wud Mike for his bein' such an iligant spayker, the head-gunner thought he'd pay wan last visit round the castle walls, an' see that everything was snug an' tidy.

He found all the study, thrained men ready at their guns, an' a whole pile of 'em that had no guns to 'tend wor exercisin' themselves in various ways. Some of 'em wor hard at it wud the gloves, an' more of 'em wor sparrin' in airnest wud their shut fists; some of 'em wor fencin' wud swoords; an' more wor busy wud the bay'net dhrill.

But wan thing the head-gunner saw on his rounds didn't plaize him at all, at all. He found a handful of lazy chaps playin' hide-an'-go-seek wud some of the flighty girls out of the churnin' department.

Whin they heard Mike Morrissey's thread along the corridors, they forewent the game, an' pur-

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tended to be havin' a sham battle wud the inemy. Of coorse Mike twigged what the play-boys wor ralely doin', so afther ordherin' the women to the lower raygions, he gathered all the men, good an' bad, together, an' says he,—

"'Tis fine warriors ye are intirely. I'll have a leather medal sthruck for the whole ridg'ment of sham-fighters. "An' now," says he, "as ye've proved yerselves so fond of warfare that ye must be sham-battlin' before even Crummle's' van gets over the brow of yondher hill, I'll see ye gets the merit due to ye for bravery and industhry. Now," says Mike, "let every warrior that took part in the raycent sham-battle wud the faymales stand out in the middle of the flure here an' howld up his hand."

Every wan of the *omadhauns* that was larkin' wud the girls rushed from all sides into the middle of the flure at Mike's words, an' 'tis a lazy lot of bla'guards they wor, too, but of coorse they worn't beyond takin' a reward, whether they desarved it or no.

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"My brave an' thrusted warriors," says Mike, "let every mother's son of ye march sthraight up to the top of the battlements at the word of command, an' ye'll larn there what rale warfare manes, an' what a dirthy thrick it was to be playin' children's games whin ye thought my back was turned. Now, warriors," says he, "go where glory waits ye. Quick march, up to the top, where ye'll have full opportunity of playin' hide-an'-go-seek wud the inemy's shot an' shell."

Begor, 'twas a sighth to see the long faces of the lazy brigade whin they larned what their reward was to be; an' every man, from the slathers that worked on the roof in time of peace to the shoeblacks on the flure of the kitchen, felt that he had a supayrior general in the head-gunner, an' that there was no use in thrying to desayve him or mislade him.

Whin Lady Catherine heard how Mike Morrissey had sarved the play-boys by sindin' them to the most exposed an' dangerous part of the buildin', she was in great glee.

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"Ah!" says she, to the parlour-maid who brought her the news, "sure I always towld ye there was the makin's of a Bonyparte in Mike. I'd back him agen all the Emperors of the Rooshias if he'd only become a teetotaller; but 'tis my private belief," says she, "that he'd dhrink a brewery dhry if he came across wan on the road to the campaign, an' of coorse there 'ud be no hope for a general that 'ud dhrink as hard as that."

"I suppose not, your ladyship," says the parlour-maid; "but Mike, I think, isn't as fond of the hard stuff as yerself makes him out to be."

"You don't know him as well as I do, my girl," says the Countess. "I gives him only very bare wages, an' it isn't out of stinginess I don't rise his salary, but I know by his eye that the want of the money is the only thing keeps him from makin' a baste of himself daily. Much as he's attached to the family, I'd lay a wager he'd sell the pass on us all if he wor ralely bent on a spree, and couldn't get a dhrink except by threachery."

"I'm surprised to hear you spake like that of

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him," says the parlour-maid, who had a sthrong regard for the head-gunner; "an' sure, ma'am, if that's the case," says the girl, "wouldn't it be betther to take temptation out of his road, an' give him the run of the cellar when he's inclined that way?"

"I'd die rather than give in to dhrink," says the Countess. "All my ancesthors died in the horrors, an' I've detarmined I'll be the first of the family that ever made a stand-up fight agen the daymon of dhrink."

Just as the Countess got the words out of her, in walks Mike Morrissey.

"I came to inform you," says he, bowin' to her ladyship, "that the inemy has hove in sighth. Their van was just sthrugglin' over the brow of the hill beyant whin I rushed down to give you the first news."

"Did you notice, Mike," axes the Countess, "if it was a hired van?"

"Well, I partly guess that it isn't," says Mike; "for it have 'Oliver Crummle' chalked in big

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letthers on the side of it. I seen 'em through the telescope."

"Then he manes business," says the Countess; "because if it wor only just a detachment of his throops he was sendin' here, he'd hire a van by the hour, but sendin' his own private van proves that the flower of his army is follyin' up behind."

"Begor, your ladyship shows great knowledge intirely of the art of war. Do you think, ma'am, that Crummle himself is in the van?" axes Mike.

"I doubts it," says the Countess. "Kings as a rule rides in the van when they're goin' to the battle-field, but Crummle bein' so hard agen kings isn't likely to do as royalty does. However," says she, "it won't be any harm to send a few shots into the body of the van as soon as it comes wudin range. If 'twill do us no good,' twill do us no harm."

"I will, ma'am," says Mike. "An' now," says he, "I must go to my perch on the battlements, an' I

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won't bother you again until the seige is over. You'd betther make the shutthers fast," says he, "before the row begins. I lined 'em with sheet iron yesterday, an' if you stretches a confedherate blanket across 'em you'll be as safe an' as comfortable here as if the battle was forty mile off."

An' wud that Mike wint out of the Lady Catherine's apartments and got up to the top of the battlements again, three steps at a time.

"Is the stirabout on the boil?" says he to the boys that wor standin' round the pot.

"'Tis at a white heat, sir," says they.

"Well, keep it to that," says he, "and when the time comes, I'll tell ye how to manœuvre wud it."

There was only wan gun fixed on the top of the battlements, an' of coorse Mike tuk charge of this himself. There wasn't much more than a few rounds of powdher an' shot for aich of the cannons; but Mike knew how to nurse what little ammunition he had, an' indeed he depinded more

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on the situation of the castle, an' on the dodges he had in his mind, than on perishable articles like lead an' gunpowther.

"Of coorse I know," says he to himself, "we must cut a dash wud the cannons in the start, or Crummle might get it into his head 'twas a purty aisy job to knock the daylights out of us, but my private belief is that the turnin' point of the sthruggle will be whin I'm pourin' the hot stirabout on the sogers an' peltin' 'em wud the bottles. Naaturally they'll think we're keepin' the ord'nery ingraydients of warfare in reserve, an' are only havin' a play wud 'em in the start. An' now," says he, "to send the first box of a shot into ould Crummle's van!"

So wud that he shut wan eye an' gauged the lie of the gun wud the other, an' thin he struck a match and laid it on the touchhole. As soon as the smoke cleared away, he puts his spyglass on top of the copin' of the battlements an' takes a look at the van, an' sure enough 'twas a good offer he made at it, for there was a big roundy hole

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right in the centre of the van, that you cud see the daylight at the other side through.

"If Oliver is there," says Mike, wud a grin, "I'd lay a wager his insurance policy is purty near due."

By this time there was a great sighth of sogers on horseback and on fut, marchin' down the hill which faced the aist side of the Castle at full speed. They wor all in the rear of the van a good bit, an' Crummle himself on a black charger was headin' 'em.

"Halt awhile," says he at the top of his voice, when he saw Mike Morrissey's shot go clane through the van. "This is the divil's own start intirely, boys," says he, "to have the van complately disabled at the first shot from the Castle! Maybe it sthrikes ye now how much better I am than any of these bosthoons of kings ye've been strugglin' undher for ages. If I stuck to their custom of ridin' in the van, look at the fix ye'd all be in! for of coorse I'd be knocked into minced meat by this, an' ye'd have to rethrate in disordher

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wudout gettin' even a chance of wipin' the inemy off the face of the earth. Now, before a panic saizes ye at the disasther to the van, let all of ye that are on fut take a good mouthful of fresh air into yer lungs, an' as soon as I gives ye the word make wan rush down the hill an' surround the castle on all sides. I'll keep the horse-sogers around me here for a body-guard. There's no use in wastin' powdher and shot on the walls, but thry yer livin' best to scramble up the sides, an' I'll give a hundhred pound to whoever brings me the head of that insultin' virago of a woman that owns the place, an' fifty pound for the head of the gunner that desthroyed my new van. Now boys, I'll say no more. Ye're thrained men, an' ye all knows yer work, an' so I'll merely conclude by actin' accordin' to the ordinary rules an' regulations of war, an' readin' the Riot Act, an' of coorse ye know that manes ye're to give no quarther."

So Crummle takes a roll of paper out of his pocket an' he read out the Riot Act, an' the moment

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he came to the last word, the standin' army sets up a shout an' rushes down the hill headlong.

Mike Morrissey was watchin' all the manœuvres of Crummle through his spyglass.

"It's just playin' into my hands they are," says he, "an' I'll change my original tactics to suit their convaynience. I suppose he's afther tellin' 'em not to throw away their ammunition by firin' it at Don Isle Castle, an' that their only chance is to board us in the regular ould pirate style. 'Tis aisier said than done though," says Mike, wud a chuckle, "an' I'll give 'em some saysonin' in their soup when they starts at thryin' to scramble up the walls."

"Did ye get the fire-buckets ready, boys?' says he, turnin' to the contingent round the big iron pot.

"We did, sir," says they.

"An' are ye prepared now to pass the buckets along an' to keep up the steam until I countermands ye?"

"We are, sir," says they.

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"Very well," says Mike. "They're purty nearly at the walls now, so look alive with the buckets. You know how I insthructed ye to conduct yerselfs, an' if ye wants to rethreive yer lost honour, ye'll carry out my ordhers to the letther."

"We will, sir," says they.

"Ready!" says Mike; an' at the word the first bucket of hot stirabout was filled.

"Presint!" says Mike; an' aich man passed the bucket along to a neighbour until it rayched the farthermost corner of the battlements of the castle.

Mike went on, "Ready—Presintin'" until every warrior in the castle had a bucketful of red-hot stirabout, an' by that time the sogers below wor startin' to scramble up the walls.

"Fire!" says Mike, wud a shout like the screech of a railway thrain; an' from all sides an' quarthers of the castle a hailstorm of hot stirabout was discharged atop of the red-coats below.

Such screamin' an' bawlin' you never heard in your life before as came from the army at the

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fut of the castle! Down they dhropped from the foundations like youngsthers caught robbin' an orchard, an' there they lay rowlin' an' writhin' an' yellin' in the thrench at the bottom of the castle.

"Now," says Mike, "that's breakfast! an' while we're gettin' lunch ready for the second rank that'll attack us, let wan of ye run along the battlements an' give ordhers to have all the guns discharged simultaneous, an' while the smoke is thick we'll prepare the second coorse of stir-about."

So the guns in the castle wor fired, an' the racket they made nearly drove Crummle out of his mind.

"'Tis rotten wud ammunition they are!" says he to his head-general. "Why, you might as well be at a smokin'-concert as standin' here dhrawin' in the fumes of their cannonadin'. I have a head on me like an accordion from the noise an' the smoke."

"Begor," says the head-general, "it reminds me

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of a fog in the Channel, for I can't see as far as the horse's head."

"I think we'll have to dismount the horse sogers," says Crummle, "an' let them have a fling at the walls, for if the second rank of fut sogers is desthroyed wud that new spaycies of war matayrial they're heavin' over the battlements, there'll be no knowin' what'll become of us at all. Maybe 'tis a civil war 'ud break out agen me."

As soon as the smoke cleared away the second rank of the standin' army wor rallied by their officers, an' they made a start to get up the walls, but Mike was just in time for 'em, an' he gev 'em the second coorse of stirabout as hot as the first.

There wor only wan more rank of fut sogers left afther this, for every man jack of the first an' second rank was that scalded an' burned that he couldn't lift a hand, let alone scale a wall or pull a thrigger; an' Crummle was in the mischief's own state of mind, fearin' that the last reserve of his standin' army 'ud kick agen makin' a thry at the walls.

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So he says to his head-general, "We'd best go down to the butt of the castle ourselves wud the mounted dhragoons to give the third rank courage to start on the attack."

He was about to sing out the ordhers when again came a full discharge of cannon from the castle, wud more smoke an' fire even than before.

"Begor," says Crummle, nearly chokin', "'tis well we're out of rayche of that discharge, or they'd be a power of widows an' orphans at home this day. I wondhers how it is," says he, "that they were able to knock a hole in the van an' not be able to rayche us wud the cannon-balls now. There's some dodge in this, believe me."

You see the thruth of it was there was only wan gun in the castle that could carry a shot any distance at all, and that was Mike's own private cannon: the rest of the pieces were so much wore out that they worn't a *thranneen*, so far as dischargin' shot an' shell was concarned.

None of the family of Don Isle ever thought any invadher 'ud be rash enough to thry an' take

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the castle from 'em, an' they didn't think it worth while to ordher a new stock of cannons. Of coorse Crummle didn't know this, an' he thought 'twas only some dodge to dhraw him on to desthruction. However, his blood was up, an' as soon as he got the smoke from Mike's guns out of his throat, he ordhers the horse sojers to throt down to their comrades.

Mike Morrissey by this time was busy gettin' ready the third an' last coorse of stirabout, an' thin he knew he'd have to start at the soda-wather.

Well, down rode the mounted dhragoons wud Crummle at their head, an' 'twas as much as Mike could do to keep his hands off his private cannon an' have a thry for to kill Crummle. "However," says he to himself, "it wouldn't do to miss him, an' my hand is a thrifle unstudy now, an' as I have only the wan shot left, I'll resthrain meself until I gets him standin' right undher me, an' thin, maybe, I won't make a cock-shot of him! Now, boys," says he, "the third rank is rallyin' for a charge. Is the stuff on the boil?"

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"It is, sir," says the men.

Thin, Mike wint through the manœuvres wance more, an' for the third time the inemy was dhriven off the walls shriekin' and bawlin' worse even than the first two lots. Crummle had now got up close to the walls, an he dhrew up his mounted army not knowin' what the dickens' father to do wud 'em."

"Even if they wor thrained circus horses," says he, "there'd be no use in makin' an offer to scale the walls wud 'em. I never was so much at my wits' ends before. The only plan I can hit on," he says to the general that had first warned him agen thryin' to take Don Isle Castle, "is to stand here until we starves 'em out. We can't be hungry for a spell ourselves," says he, "for wan of the fut officers tells me this new war matayrial is good wholesome stirabout, an' the ground is lined wud it all round the castle nearly as thick as guano on the Chinchy Islands. It must be," says he, "that they're run out of ammunition, or of coorse they'd be firin' at us, so we'll just keep a civil distance off an' thry what hunger'll do."

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Mike Morrissey was spyin' down at Crummle all this time from behind a stack of chimneys, an' though he couldn't hear what Oliver was sayin' to his head-general, he partly guessed that the plan they'd thry 'ud be to starve the castle out.

"If I had only a few good cannons," says he, "an' plenty of powdher an' shot, I could sweep the whole army clane off the face of creation. I expect they guesses what's the matther wud us, an' that's what's makes 'em so darin' as to ride up the last of the throops close to the walls. Well," says Mike wud a grin, "we'll thry what a little teetotal dhrink 'll do for 'em."

An' wud that he grips the neck of a soda-wather bottle in his fist, an' twistin' himself round an' round as if he was "throwin' the hammer," he let fly the first shot at a heavy dhragoon officer.

Down dhropped the dhragoon out of his saddle wudout as much as a scream, for 'twas cracked his skull clane an' clear Mike did.

"Holy wars!" says Crummle, who was now

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ridin' about a thrifle in the rear of his throops. "Is it goin' to shell us they are?"

An' before he had time to collect his mind to give any ordhers down came the bottles wan afther the other like hailstones, an' the mounted men began dhroppin' right, left, an' centhre.

Over a hundhred men had been killed while you'd be lookin' about you, for Mike kept firin' away like a steam-ingine; an' then an officer rode up to Crummle an' handed him wan of the bottles.

"Soda-wather!" says Crummle. "Murdher alive!" says he, "but I never heard of the like before! Hot grub first, and cowld dhrink atop of it —regular American fashion! 'Tis in disgrace I'll be altogether if I have to rethrate out of this and write home that soda-wather licked me. I must only thry and inveigle the Countess into makin' a thratey wud me. Run quick to the van," says he to the officer that brought him the bottle, "an' bring the flag of thruce back wud you. You'll find it undher the dhriver's sate."

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So the officer rides off, an' Crummle stud gazin' at the earth wud his mouth wide open like as if he was in a dhrame.

Mike Morrissey was watchin' him all the time from behind the stack of chimneys. Poor Mike! he was fairly wore out for a spell. He was afther sendin' off all the soda-wather, but he had the lemonade in reserve. He looked at Crummle through wan eye, and says he,—

"I'll keep that cannon-ball here another spell, but I think I'll thry what chance I'd have of hittin' Crummle a clout of a bottle. 'Tis a long shot, an' my arm is tired, but if I miss him on the skull maybe I'll catch him on the bread-basket."

So Mike grips the first of the lemonade bottles in his fist, an' swings himself round for the throw. The minute he'd let go he puts the spy-glass to his eye, but, begor, there was no occasion for a spy-glass, for the bawl Crummle gev out of him 'ud be worth a pound a week to a railway porther.

There he sat, doubled up on his horse, wud his

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two hands grippin' his stomach, an' the screams comin' out of him that you'd think 'twas a flock of curlews he was. "Aha!" roars Mike Morrissey. "How do you like that, my bowld warrior?"

"An' now," says Mike to himself, "I best let fly at him wud the cannon."

So he rammed a charge into the gun, an' fixed it for blowin' the head off Crummle. He just got his wan eye travellin' along the barrel to see that the shot 'ud carry properly, when what does he see but an officer ridin' up to Crummle an' handin' him the flag of thruce. Crummle took wan hand off his stomach, and wud the other hand he began wavin' the flag over his head, so poor Mike had to blow out his match, for he couldn't for the life of him fire on a flag of thruce, though he felt in his heart that the inemy didn't desarve to be thrated accordin' to the thirty-nine articles.

"We're be't!" shouts Crummle, scarcely able to say the words wud the cramp in his stomach. "We're fairly licked. What terms will you be axin' from us to laive us rethrate in paice?"

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Mike Morrissey stepped out in front of the battlements, an' he shouts back at Crummle,—

"I must ax her ladyship what answer I'll give you, for I'm only a sarvint. I suppose I may tell herself that you'll repair all the damage, at any rate?"

"Of coorse," answers Crummle. "I'll do anything in raison."

"Will you pay for the soda-wather?" axes Mike.

"How much a dozen is it?" says Crummle.

"I'll ax herself that, too," says Mike; "but am I to undherstand you'll pay?"

"I will," says Crummle, "but thry an' let me off at wholesale price."

"O, we always gives a reduction on a quantity!" says Mike, wud a grin.

"Well, like a good fellow, will you make haste an' ax herself the lowest terms? an' if we settles the job, as of coorse I expect we will, I suppose I may make bowld enough to thresspass on you for a hot poultice for my stomach?"

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"I think we'll go that far," says Mike; "so stand there now, Crummle," says he, "an' keep wavin' your flag until I comes back."

Then Mike jumped down off the battlements, an' 'twas in great glee he was. "Begor," says he, "she can't refuse to stand a whole gallon jar of the hard stuff afther winnin' the battle for her, an' if ever a man had raison to go on a spree it's my own self afther gainin' such a victhory."

So he goes down to the Countess's apartments, thinkin' of the grand time he'd have of it laither on wud a whole gallon of malt all to himself, an' maybe a deck of cards to play "forty-five" wud the girls.

He shoves in the door of Lady Catherine's room, an' there was herself pacin' up an' down like a sinthry.

"Well, Mike," says she, "how is the battle goin'?"

"It's partly over," says he, thryin' to break the good news to her gently, fearin' if she heard the

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thruth all at wance it might give her a shock that 'ud injure her constitution.

"Over!" says she. "An' are we murdhered?"

"Well," says he, as if he wor only tellin' her that to-morrow 'ud be a fine day, "we're not quite licked yet."

"O, don't be standin' there an' stammerin' at me," says she, "but tell me the thruth this minute whether the news be good or bad."

"We've be't the inemy clane," says Mike, wud a smile on him that stretched his mouth from ear to ear.

"Glory be to heaven!" says the Countess, "but that's grand news intirely! It's a fine man you are!" says she. "How did you manage it at all?"

"Principally," says he, "wud soda-wather;" an' then he up an' he towld her the whole story.

"Wondherful!" says she, whin she had heard all about Mike's manœuvres. "You see now, isn't teetotal dhrink a grand thing?"

"'Tis," says he, his jaw dhroppin' at the words —"to throw away."

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"An' is that the gratitude you shows to the soda-wather?" axes the Countess.

"Arrah, whisht, woman!" says he, losin' his timper, "an' thry an' think of something more saisonable than your bastely teetotalism. 'Tis ever in your head it is, wakin' an' sleepin'!"

"How dar' you," says the Countess, "spake to me like that?"

"O, don't let us be squabblin', ma'am," says Mike. "Poor Crummle'll be wore out standin' there waitin' for your answer. An' while you're makin' up your mind, would you aither give me the kays of the cellar, or ring the bell an' ax wan of the undher-servants to fetch a gallon of malt to my private apartment?"

"Is it dhramein' you are, Mike?" says her ladyship.

"I don't usually dhrame standin'," says the head-gunner.

"Maybe 'tis dhrunk you are?" says she.

"No," says Mike; "but, plaize heaven, I *will* be, laither on."

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"Begor," says her ladyship, stampin' her fut on the flure, "I never heard of such a piece of impudence in all my born days, as the manner you spakes to me in. 'Tis a maygrim in your brain you must have from swingin' round wud them bottles."

"That may be," says Mike, shakin' his head an' lookin' ten years ouldher, as he thought of havin' a maygrim hove at him as his reward for desthroyin' a whole army; "but anyhow the form the maygrim takes now is a quart pot of ale on the spot to wash down the dust in my throath, an' the gallon of malt in due coorse. Don't dhrive me desperate," says he, liftin' his hand as much as to say, "hear me out an' no intherruptions,' an' risin' his voice at the same time; "or maybe you'll regret it all the days of your life, an' generations unborn will be handin' your name from wan to another as an example of what faymale ingratitude can dhrive an honest man an' a faithful sarvint to. Phew!" says he, rubbin' his forehead as if the spayche exhausted him complately.

Lady Catherine looked at him hard, an' for a

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minute her heart was touched by the airnist words that came from Mike; so she rang the bell and stud starin' at the head-gunner wudout attemptin' to open her lips.

A young slip of a sarvint-boy answered the Countess's bell, an' for wan minute her ladyship was goin' to pass Mike's ordher on to the boy; but she hesitated as the daymon of teetotalism tuk howld of her, an' she whispered her insthructions into the boy's ears.

Then she turned to Mike, an' says she, "I've sint for the best dhrink on the premises for you; but I'm sadly afeard we must part afther this job wud Crummle is settled, for much as I admires you, Misther Morrissey, this cravin' of yours for grog 'ud be only a constant source of throuble between us, an' I hopes you'll believe me, I'm partin' wud you much agen my will. I'll give you a written characther, too," says she, seein' that Mike didn't offer to spake, "that'll be sartin' to get you a generalship in some family that are your own way of thinkin' in regard of the drink."

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As she was sayin' the words, the sarvint-boy enthered the room wud a grand silver mug on a grand silver thray.

"Dhrink that now, Misther Morrissey," says she; "an' I'll warrant that 'twill stick to your ribs as well as wash the cobwebs out of your throath."

Mike took the mug off the thray an' looked at it.

"Butthermilk!" says he, dashin' it on the flure. "This is the last sthraw," says he, scowlin' at the Countess for wan second. An' thin he sthrode out of the room.

Up he rushes to the top of the battlements an' looks down at Crummle, who was still wavin' his flag an' still groanin'.

"Crummle!" shouts the head-gunner.

"Ay, ay!" shouts Crummle back at him.

"Is there any whisky or bottled porther in the van?"

"Lashin's of both," answers Crummle; "but for the love of goodness let me dhrop the flag, for my arm is fairly wore out. I takes it," says he, "that ye'll give fair terms."

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"Write an ordher on the keeper of the van for whatever dhrink I requires," says Mike, "an' while you're scribblin' the words, I'll go down an' open the front door for you, an' you can make your own thratey from the inside."

"Milia murther!" shouts Crummle, forgettin' the pain in his stomach, an' ready to jump out of his skin wud joy. "Is it sellin' the pass you are?"

"'Tis," says Mike; "an' all I'll ax for meself is that you'll do no hurt or harm to any one in the castle."

"I'll give you my word that far," says Crummle.

"Maynin' no offence," says Mike, "I must have it in writin'; an' whin you drops the thratey into the letther box I'll open the door for you."

"All right, my sweet fellow," says Crummle, takin' out his writing maytarials from the breast-pocket of his jacket.

Off jumps poor Mike from the battlements an' down the stairs he rushes headlong; an' that night Don Isle Castle fell into Crummle's hands, an' ever since 'tis known as "Butthermilk Castle."

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No wan ever could tell for sartin what became of Mike Morrissey. Some said he joined the Monks of the Screw, an' more said he turned Orangeman; but 'tis my own private belief that Crummle in ordher to get back the thratey, gev insthructions in cipher to have the dhrink poisoned for Mike, an that the poor gunner met threachery for threachery. Anyhow, I'm towld that at times his "fetch" and that of the Lady Catherine pays a visit to the top of the ruins of Don Isle; an' whinever they're cotched sight of, Mike's ghost is seen to dash out of the hands of Lady Catherine's ghost, the ghost of a mug of butthermilk; an' thin they all vanishes wud a cry that's a cross between the wail of a *banshee* an' the sound of a foghorn from a steamboat in disthress.

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MANY generations ago there appeared at the English Coort a young fellow by the name of Walther Rolly. He was a darin' sojer an' a darin' navigathor, but wud all his navigatin' an' sogerin' he could never keep his mind off the money. Day an' night he was always dhramein' of goold; an' nothing was too hot or too heavy for him so long as there was goold at the bottom of the job. Wan minute he'd go an' discover a new counthry out in the bowels of the unknown says, an' another minute he'd start an' knock the daylights out of the French army or the Spanish Armady. O! he was a darin' man altogether an' no mistake; but the money, as I've towld you, was always in his mind.

Of coorse he didn't do his thravellin' an'

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RALEIGH IN MUNSTER.

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sogerin' for nothing, but he found 'twasn't aisy at all to make a big fortune, the Coort had so many pickin's out of everything. Aich an' every man in the Coort was bustin' wud jealousy of young Walther, an' of coorse they all used their endayvours to cut Rolly's share down to the lowest penny whinever he brought a cargo of diamonds into port, or nabbed a threasure-ship from the King of Spain.

Well, wan day Rolly was walkin' along the sthreets of London, turnin' over some new plan for shovellin' in the coin, whin what does he see but Eleezabeth, the Queen of all England, pickin' her steps across the road!

'Twas a muddy day, an' crossin'-sweepers, I'm towld, worn't invinted in that time, so Rolly seein' her Majesty's shoes wor rather slendher in the soles, an' that the mud was stickin' to 'em like wax, rushes over to her, whips off his cloak, an' axes her to make a door-mat of it. Eleezabeth just looked at him for wan minute, an' sure enough she recognized him.

"Rolly!" says she, wipin' her boots on the cloak.

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"The same, your Majesty, at your sarvice," says he, kneelin' down on wan knee as if to pick up his cloak, but ralely wud the intintion of remindin' Eleezabeth that now was her chance to make a knight of him aisy.

Her Majesty looks at him out undher the corners of her eyes, an' it sthruck her more than ever what a handsome young chap this Rolly was, an' begor, says she to herself, "he seems a rale Coort gintleman, an' maybe I'm doin' wrong in bein' so bitther agen the men"—for you must know Queen Eleezabeth was teetotally opposed to mathrimony. All the single kings in Europe, an' all the princes an' lords at her own Coort 'ud be only too aiger to lade her to the althar, but she wouldn't look at wan of 'em at any price. However, this young Rolly tuk her fancy all of a suddint, an' she ups wud her umbrella an' there an' then she hits him a whack of it on the showldher, an' says she, "Rise up, Sir Walther Rolly—an' call a covered car for me!"

So Rolly did as he was towld, an' he didn't

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forget to pick up his cloak aither. "Send that to the wash," says Queen Eleezabeth; "an' I'll see that you gets a new cloak out of the royal wardrobe, for 'twas a very gintlemanly act to spread it undher the soles of my feet."

"All right, your Majesty," says Rolly, openin' the door of the covered car, an' helpin' her into it.

"Come up to the Coort," says she, "afther tay-time, an' I'll have a talk wud you about a job that I think 'ud suit you complately."

"I will," says Rolly, "wud the greatest of pleasure; an' 'tis much obliged to you I am for makin' a knight of me."

"Don't mintion it," says she. An' then the car druv off towards the Palace.

The same evenin' Rolly dhresses himself in his Sunday clothes, an' fixes rings all over his fingers, an' puts into his scarf a beautiful new pin he'd snatched out of a Spanish prince's shirt, an' afther oilin' his hair, and spillin' a dhrop of scent on his han'kerchief, he starts off for the Palace an' was shown up to the Queen's apartments.

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"Well, Sir Walther," says Queen Eleezabeth, "I've been makin' enquiries about you, an' I'm towld you're on the look-out for a job. Is that so?"

"It is," says he.

"What sort of a job 'ud you like?" says she.

"Anything that'll pay," says he.

"Did you ever hear tell of Ireland in your thravels?" axes the Queen.

"I did, thin; but at the present moment I couldn't give you the bearin's of it, though if you axed where any part of Afrikay or Amerikay was, I could tell you right off the exact lie of it by the compass."

"Sthrange," says she, "you never ventured to Ireland!"

"I'm towld there's no money there," says he.

"Well, there isn't many goold mines in it," says the Queen, wud a laugh; "for we've been squeezin' 'em purty dhry since my ancesthor, ould Henery

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the Second, grabbed the counthry. But wud all that," says she, "there's dodges of makin' money there if you only goes the right way about it."

"I hear 'tis an onsettled sort of a place," says Rolly.

"'Tis," says the Queen; "an' that's what I'm dhrivin' at just now. You're not particular what you do?" says she.

"No, thin," says he. "I'm a purty hard case by this, an' if it's murdher you mane, I'm the boy for flourishin' the swoord."

"Well," says the Queen, "I didn't exactly mane that whin I axed you the questhion. Are you too proud to go into thrade!"

"'Deed, thin, I'm not," says Rolly; "an' if it's the bacon thrade you mane," says he, "which I've heard tell is the main stay of Ireland, I'm not at all averse to goin' into the pig line, on a royal licence."

"No," says the Queen. "That's too paceful a thrade for me."

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"An' what is it you're dhrivin' at?" axes Rolly, seein' that her Majesty was seemin'ly afeard to come out straight off wud her plan. "I towld you nothing was out of my line so long as I could see money at the end of it."

"Very well," says the Queen. "I'll put my plans before you. I'm advised that very little 'ud rise a rebellion agen me in Munsther, so if you likes to go over an' stir up the craychurs there, you'd have no throuble in slaughtherin' 'em."

"An' I suppose," says Rolly, intherruptin' her Majesty, "you'd give me so much a head for the job—but where does the thrade come in?"

"You're runnin' away wud the story," says she. "You see this is how it is. I've lately come to the conclusion that it's dangerous to go on slaughtherin' the Irish wudout buryin' 'em aftherwards. A pestilence is like enough to break out, an' maybe a sthrong westherly win' 'ud carry that same over into this counthry; so my idaya is to put all the corpses into coffins, an' bury 'em dacently. Now

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this is what I'm goin' to offer you, so pay attention, Rolly," says the Queen.

"I'm doin' that," says he, dhrawin' his eyebrows very hard together.

"Go over to Munsther," says she, "an' I'll make you a prisent of forty thousand acres of land."

"What's on the land?" axes Rolly.

"Tember," says she. "Fine hardy threes, I'm towld. Now if you starts the Irish into a lively rebellion in your disthrict, you can set up a facthory an' do the undhertakin' wholesale, for I wouldn't ax a knight to do it by retail."

"I see," says he, grinnin'. "A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, ma'am. An' so it's an undhertaker you wants to make of me?"

"It is," says she: "a Gentleman-Undhertaker."

"An' how much will you allow me?" axes Rolly.

"Two pound a coffin," says she; "an' the bigger the bill is, the betther I'll like it."

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"When'll I start?" says he.

"As soon as I can get the ordher made out for the forty thousand acres," answers the Queen.

"You're sure there's plenty of tember on the estate?" says he.

"Sartin," says she. "I can show you the survey of it before you signs the conthract wud me."

"'Twouldn't pay, you know," says he, "if the wood wasn't handy."

"I know that," says she. "And now I'll be dismissin' you, for it's growin' late, an' I have a character to lose."

"I hope you'll never lose it on my account," says Rolly, who had a nate way of turnin' his words. An' wud that he makes a low bow an' walks out of the room as graceful as a dancin'-masther.

The next day, afther signin' his conthract an' gettin' the ordher for the forty thousand acres of land, off starts Sir Walther for Ireland wud a

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hundhred sogers to help him out in the job he had in hand. He landed afther a good voyage in the harbour of Cork, an' at wance he put matthers in thrain.

Afther buildin' a bit of a fort as a kind of a back-door to the ocean, he tuk a jauntin' car an' thravelled down to Youghal, where he thought he'd make his headquarthers an' start the facthory. He had some throuble in the beginnin' findin' journeymen undhertakers, but of coorse he spun a yarn to 'em about the good he'd do the counthry by inthroducin' home-manufacture; an' at last he got a sufficient number of hands together, an' thin the work began in airnest. He felled the threes in all directions, an' he got up a saw-mill; an' soon Rolly had the whole town of Youghal busy, wan way or another, at the coffin thrade.

Whin all was in full swing he dhrives back to his fort, an' gives his insthructions to his men.

"I'm goin'," says he, "to take command of all

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the throops in Cork barracks, an' as soon as they're ready, then I'll order 'em out of the city an' get 'em to scour the Province of Munsther clane. There's a dale of varmint in the shape of natives gothered together in parts of the counthry, an' we'll massacray 'em so far as we can. Now to all ye that I brought wud me I have this advice to give: don't put yerselves into danger. Let the other throops have the first go-in at the inemy, an' when they're done wud 'em, let ye finish 'em off complately, for of coorse there'll be a dale of 'em only half kilt. We're partly on a paceful mission here, an' thrade is what we're lookin' for, not glory The hundhred of ye must get up a conthrivance for cartin' the corpses to the facthory in Youghal, where we'll put 'em into good conthract coffins an' give 'em a dacent buryin'. I was towld yesther-day," says he, "that at a neighbourin' fort there was a crowd of Tallyans, an' I intinds to have the first thry at the furriners, by way of practice."

Well, in the coorse of a week Rolly got things

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into shape, an' out he marches, with the fightin' throops in the front an' the thradin' throops in the rear, agen this fort the Tallyans wor howldin.' The poor craychurs of furriners, men, women, an' childre, whin they saw the great army bearin' down on 'em, sent a flag of thruce up to the mast-head of the fort an' axed for a *parlez-vous*, but dickens a *parlez-vous* Rolly would give 'em, an' while you'd be lookin' about you, he had the whole place sthrewn wud corpses; an' when the front army got tired of massacrayin' the furriners, his own hundhred men went in, just as he had towld 'em, and finished off the wounded.

Six hundhred corpses they gothered up that day an' carted into Youghal; an' Rolly was in high feather as he stood at the facthory gate tallyin' the coffins as they wor carried out an' heaved into a neighbourin' thrench.

"I'll make a clane five hundhred pound on that job," says he. "If I can keep up this game, I'll soon be able to write home."

An' sure enough, keep it up he did, an the

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facthory was in full swing for a long spell; an' then he bethought him that Queen Eleezabeth 'ud like to hear how he was gettin' on, so, bein' a great hand at the pen, he sat down wan day an' sent her off a long letther, which to the best of my memory was written this way:—

"May it plaize your Majesty, Queen Eleezabeth.

"I write these few lines, hopin' they will find you in good health, as this laives me at prisent.

"I'm gettin' on grand here. I suppose the head-clerk of your Coort has towld you that I'm billin' him for a thousand coffins a week on the average. I'm sorry to say there isn't as much profit on the job as I expected, an' I'm sadly afeard my foreman is chaytin' me on the putty account, but if I only catches him playin' thricks on me, you may depind I'll include him in the coffin bill purty quick. He's a native of these parts, an' 'tisn't clear to me he isn't risin' a rebellion among the facthory hands agen me.

"This is a mighty poor counthry. I've prodded

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it in all parts for goold an' diamonds, but there isn't as much as a scuttle of coal to be found anywhere in it.

"I met a man the other day that lives over beyant here, by the name of Spinser. He tells me yerself an' himself knows aich other, an' often I rides over to his place in the cool of the evenin,' an' we haves a talk over the gay doin's at the London Coort. He's writin' a long ballad now, an' between ourselves he nearly dhrives me crazy at times dhronin' long rigmaroles of his own writin' into my ears; but I'm goin' to have my revinge agen him wan of these fine days by bringin' over a ballad I'm writin' meself, an' maybe when he's had a few hours of it he'll come to his sinses.

"An' now I'll be sayin' good-bye, so no more at prisent from your faithful Undhertaker,

"SIR WALTHER ROLLY.

"PS.—If things goes on as they promise, I'll have to start a gas-ingine here purty soon."

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Queen Eleezabeth was greatly plaized wud Rolly's letther, an' she gev ordhers to have another ten shillin's a coffin added to the conthract price, in ordher to encourage him in the work; an' maybe Sir Walther would have stuck to the undhertakin' business for the rest of his life, only for the foreman of the facthory. Sure enough the same foreman was saycritly risin' a rebellion agen Rolly, an' by some misfortunate chance the great Undhertaker found him out complately, so he cut his head off; an' what does he do but he makes a parcel of it, an' sinds it over carriage paid to the Queen!

Her Majesty got the foreman's sconce just as she was atein' her breakfast wan mornin', an' though she had a mighty sthrong stomach the head gev her a kind of a turn; so she ordhers it to be sent back straight to Youghal, an' she gives a message wud it to Rolly that she had closed the coffin account wud him for darin' to make such an onnaatural prisent to her.

Of coorse this put an end to Rolly's undher-

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takin' business, an' he was greatly put out to thry an' discover some new dodge for turnin' in the money. He bethought him at last that as there was a dale of dhrinkin' goin' on in his own counthry, he'd turn the undhertakin' factory into a place for manufacturin' barrels to howld wine, beer, and sperits; so he enthered into private conthracts for supplyin' all England wud barrels an' casks, an' 'tis a fine thrade he had of it so long as the tember on the estate held out.

But at last the woods were mostly cleared, an' then poor Rolly didn't know for the minute what use to make of the land, so he rode over to his friend Spinser, an' he towld him of his throubles.

"Couldn't you sell the facthory to a company?" says Spinser.

"A grand idaya!" says Rolly. "But sure they'd be sindin' over an inspecthor to see how the land lay, an' if they found tember was scarce in the neighbourhood they'd never float the business in the market."

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"Can't you get a frind to inspect it at this side of the wather?" says Spinser.

"Sure, they wouldn't beleive the daylight out of an Irishman!" says Rolly, curlin' his lip.

"I know that," says Spinser, wud a wink, "but maybe you could get an Englishman to do the job for you?"

"I see what you're dhrivin' at," says Rolly; "an' I'm much obliged to you. What fee will you be axin'?"

"I'll laive that to yerself," says Spinser.

"All right," says Rolly. "Let us dhraft the survey at wance."

"I couldn't do that," says Spinser. "I must have my own time to think over the job."

"How tall will you make the threes?" axes Rolly.

"Any heighth you like," says Spinser. "Of coorse I can see threes two hundred feet high where a blade of grass couldn't grow."

"Of coorse," says Rolly. "That's part of your thrade."

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"I wish you could get thrade an' money-grubbin' out of your head sometimes," says Spinser, wud a sigh. "It's partly your own thrade as well as mine: an' considherin' all the time I've lost listenin' to you readin' your ballads here, I suppose we may look upon yerself as bein' in the poethry line."

"Ay," says Rolly. "Begor," says he, laughin', "it's wondherful how aisy people 'll swally a lie when you puts it into grand langwidge. The yarns I've spun 'em about the goold an' diamonds, in ould Virginny 'ud make your hair stand on end, if you wor only to see the counthry wud your own eyes."

"I partly guessed so," says Spinser, "or we wouldn't have had yerself in the coffin business."

"That's a sore point," says Rolly; "so the laiste said about it the betther. The thing is now to pitch it into 'em sthrong about the terrible big forest that surrounds my facthory. You could tell 'em the sun never gets a chance to shine on the

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buildin', an' that we have to work all day by candle-light."

"Ay," says Spinser, "or maybe moonlight 'ud sound more iligant?"

"Wisha! how the dickens could the moon get a look in if the sun couldn't? Moreover," says Rolly, "the moon doesn't shine by day."

"Begor, I never thought of that," says Spinser.

"I'm afraid you'd botch the job altogether," says Rolly, "an' a betther plan than noatin' a company sthrikes me. I'll plough up all the land, an' sow it wud spuds."

"Wud what?" axes Spinser.

"Spuds!" says Rolly. "Potayties! But sure I clane forgot," says he, "that ye never had any of 'em in these parts."

"What are they at all at all?" axes Spinser.

"They're roundy little balls for aitin,' an' fine wholesome food they are too. I've lived on 'em in Virginny for weeks at a time, an' never 'ud ax for anything wud 'em, barrin' a pinch of salt."

"Do you ate 'em raw?" axes Spinser.

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"No," says Rolly; "you puts 'em into a pot of bilin' wather, until they grows soft an' malely—regular balls of flour if they're properly attinded to—an' thin you takes the skin off 'em, and swallys 'em."

"I'm sure," says Spinser, "they'd go well wud a red herrin'."

"You're right there; or wud a bit of Watherford bacon aither," says Rolly, smackin' his lips.

"Do you think they'd grow here?" axes Spinser.

"What's to hendher 'em?" says Rolly, "good soil an' plenty of rain is all they requires, an' sure they can have that *galore* here. The land is well-manured now with native corpses, for bein' a conthract job, of coorse I made the coffins as slendher as a sheet of mournin' paper; an' as for the rain, why it rains here day an' night all the year round! I'll warrant the spuds 'ud take to the ground like the shamrock."

"Then the sooner you gets 'em over the betther,' says Spinser, "for I'm towld there's no crops at all here this year."

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"I'll send out a few ships from Youghal Harbour to-morrow," says Rolly, "wud an ordher on the King of Virginny."

So wud that Sir Walther bids good-night to his frind, an' rides back to Youghal. The next day he goes down to the harbour, an' he charters half a dozen little vessels, an' he puts 'em all undher the command of a Captain Murphy, an' off they starts for Virginny

While the ships was at say, Rolly takes a thrip over to London to see Queen Eleezabeth, an' begor her Majesty fell complately in love wud him now, an' thried hard to coax him into stoppin' at the coort. She towld him she'd forgiven him complately about the foreman's head, though ever since she couldn't manage to ate more than wan egg for her breakfast. 'Tis like enough Sir Walther an' the Queen would have made a bowlt of it an' set up shop in Virginny, only about that time Rolly fell in love saycritly wud another party. Eleezabeth partly guessed this, but she didn't let on to him that she suspected him, an' in ordher to thry an'

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make him jealous she tuk up wud another young lord about the coort, and towld Rolly in a timper he might go back agen to his beer-barrels in Munsther. He tuk her Majesty at her word, an' off he sails agen for Youghal, where he knew the ships from Virginny were about due now.

He wasn't long back from the coort, whin Captain Murphy arrived with the five other ships, all loaded down to the scuppers wud new potayties. Rolly started dischargin' 'em at wance, an' it wasn't long until he had the facthory full of iligant spuds from flure to ceilin'. He sent round word to all the neighbourhood that "Sir Walter Rolly, General-Undertaker to her Majesty Queen Eleezabeth, was now dischargin' a splendid sample of the best Virginny Champions, wan cargo for seed an' the rest for food." But much to his surprise, the deuce a man 'ud buy a stone of 'em at any price, for all the neighbours thought it was only a new dodge of Rolly's to desthroy 'em by pizenin' 'em wud the spuds. He sent round his hundhred follyers as commercial thravellers all through Munsther; but of

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coorse this only set the few people that was left alive worse than ever agen the new spaycies of grub. He even threatened to put the undhertakin' business into full swing wance more on his own hook; but even that didn't frighten the Munsther people into aitin' the spuds, or the "murphies," as he called 'em afther Captain Murphy that brought 'em over from Virginny.

All through the saison Rolly didn't laive a stone unturned to thry an' induce the people to buy his potayties; an' begor three parts of 'em rotted in the facthory.

At last, when he was almost disthracted wud disappointment, he hit on a plan that worked meracles.

Himself and his friend Spinser, an' Rolly's hundred follyers, used to go down into the Youghal market-place day afther day, an' there they'd form a ring an' boil the murphies in sighth of the people, an' stop aitin' 'em from mornin' until night. By degrees the people got thryin' a spud now an' again, an' actin' on Spinser's advice, Rolly supplied

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red herrin's gratis. In the coorse of a few weeks all the neighbourhood around was doin' nothing but aitin' the potayties all day long in the market-place. Whin Rolly saw he had worked the oracle, an' that they'd now buy for seed on any terms, he jumped the price to four times what he'd axed in the beginnin', an' before the sayson was over he had sowld every seed potayty in the facthory at his own price, besides sowin' his own property over an' hether wud 'em.

Thin he began chartherin' all the ships in Youghal, an' he started off himself for Virginny, to enther into a heavy conthract wud the king there.

Whin he landed in ould Virginny he went straight off to the palace an' paid his respects to the king—an ugly-looking but well-maynin' Naygro wud a ring out of his nose like a conthrairey bull.

"Well, Rolly," says the king, "what brings you here this thrip? If it's more goold you're wantin' let me tell you the diggin's are exhausted for the prisent. In fact, we have had a terrible bad

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saison of it altogether. Even the potayties tuk the blight, an' you couldn't get a sound spud for love or money in Ould Virginny this minute."

"O murdher!" says Rolly. "Sure that's what brings me here—to conthract wud you for a wholesale supply of spuds."

"Faix, an' you must do wudout 'em," says the king. "Tell me," says he, "did you set many of 'em in your own counthry?"

"I did," says Rolly, "an' a good job too it seems."

"You're right," says the king, "for I don't believe there's another disthrict where they grows 'em in all Amerikay. You can spring the price on the next saison's crop."

"Laive that to me," says Rolly, wud a grin. "But don't be talkin'," says he, "but this is a regular slap in the face for me! I have a whole fleet of ships in the harbour, an' of coorse they'll be comin' down on me for the amount of freight an' demurrage."

"You can get the protection of the coort," says the king, "if that's any help to you."

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"I'm obliged to your Majesty," says Rolly, "but sure they'd saize on my property over in Munsther if I tried to play any thricks of that kind. Maybe you have some other marketable matayrial I could load the little vessels wud?"

"Did you ever take a blast of a pipe?" axes the king.

"Never," says Rolly, "what is it?"

"Well, it's a quare thing," says the king, "that we have to be taychin' ye in the ould counthry all the resources of civilization. Ye seems to have no invintion in ye at all. Here," says he, takin' a black little *dhudeen* from the rim of his crown, "take a *shough* of that an' tell me how you likes it."

"How do you work it?" axes Rolly.

"Stick it between your lips," says the king "an' when I lights it up for you, dhraw in the smoke, an' then blow it out again."

"Blow what out?" axes Rolly.

"The smoke, of coorse," says the king.

"That seems a quare sort of divarsion," says

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Rolly—"suckin' it in wan minute an' blowin' it out the next. Couldn't I conshume it?"

"O begor, you can fill your stomach wud it if you like," says the king; "but if you'll take my advice you'll do nothing of the sort, for it takes a powerful smoker to swally the fumes wudout sayrious inconvaynience. Are you ready now?" says he.

"I am," says Rolly, stickin' the pipe between his teeth.

"Dhraw now!" says the king, sthrikin' a match on the leg of his throwsers an' howldin' it over the bowl of the *dhudeen*.

So Rolly dhraws in a mouthful, an' of coorse it bein' a first offer every morsel of the tobacco-smoke wint down his gullet.

Down he dashes the pipe on the ground, blowin' an' splutther in' an' coughin' like a consumptive whale.

"I towld you!" says the king, slappin' him on the back.

"Towld me what?" coughs Rolly, as vexed as you plaize.

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"Towld you not to swally the smoke," says the king.

"'Twas a dirty thrick to play on me," says Rolly.

"Thrick!" says the king. "I tell you there was no thrick at all in it. Look here," says he, takin' another pipe out of his crown, for the wan he gave Rolly was smashed complately. "Watch how I does it!" An' wud that he tucks his legs undher him like a tailor, an' fillin' his *dhudeen* he starts puffin' blasts of smoke out through the ring of his nose. In a few minutes Sir Walter felt as if he was fixed up the flue of a chimney wud a good turf fire undhernaith, an' he began coughin' an' splutther in' worse nor ever.

"Open the windy, for the love of goodness," says he, "or you'll be answerable for my corpse."

The king laughs hearty at Rolly's onaisiness, an' he opens the windy an' knocks the fire out of his pipe.

When the smoke had partly cleared off Sir Walther axes the king,—

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"Now, what sort of pleasure or benefit do you get from makin' fireworks of yerself like that?"

"Wait till you grows saisoned to it," answers the king, "an' you wouldn't give up your pipe for all the goold in the mint."

"Tell that to the marines," says Rolly. "Might I venture to ax what was the stuff you wor settin' fire to in the pipe and stinkin' the place wud?"

"Twist tobaccy," says the king.

"'Tis the divil's own twist!" says Rolly. "Do many of ye practise the thrick in these parts?"

"Every wan of us," answers the king.

"A wondher I never noticed any of ye on my former thrip to the counthry!" says Rolly.

"Aisily explained," says the king. "You wor a sthranger thin, an' we makes a rule of never smokin' before sthrangers."

"I suppose it's this tobaccy that turns ye all so black in the skin," says Rolly.

"That's a good joke," says the king, wud a hearty laugh. "No, Rolly," says he, "it don't

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turn us black, but it turns some of us green, just like yerself a while back." An' thin he bursts out laughin' again until he nearly shuk the ring out of his nose.

"You're in good humour this mornin'," says Rolly, as vexed as if some one was afther passin' a bad half-sovereign on him.

"Arrah, don't be so glum in yerself!" says the king. "An' believe me what I'm tellin' you, that there's a fortune in this tobaccy for you if you could only inthroduce it into your own counthry. I know it wants a thrainin', but, as I've said before, wance you takes to it you wouldn't give it up for all the goold in the mint. You'd go on wan meal a day rather than do wudout the pipe."

"I know you're a thruthful man," says Rolly, "an' if you're in airnest now, of coorse I'll go into any thrainin' you recommend in ordher to make money out of tobaccy, or any other mortal thing."

"Well, my advice to you," says the king, "is to buy a ha'penny cane an' cut into junks of about three inches long. Smoke wan of 'em a day for

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a week, an' thin I'll get you some mild tobaccy an' a new clay pipe. I was thrained on a cane meself," says the king.

"I'll take you at your word," says Rolly, "though it seems very poor fun to me."

"You'll change your mind in the coorse of a week or two," says the King of Virginny. "Don't throw up the sponge if the stomach kicks agen the cane in the start."

"I'll give it every chance," says Rolly; and wud that he starts out an' buys the cane, an' every mornin' for a week he had an odd puff at it. The first few days he was as sick as a dog, an' his face was as green as a head of cabbage, but he sthrove on, an' towards the end of a week he began to take a likin' to his smoke, an' twas wud a light heart he wint to the palace an' axed the king for the loan of the pipe wud the mild tobaccy.

The king was mighty proud at the success of his thrainin,' an' he loaded the pipe wud the dhriest an' the mildest brand he could lay howld of. Sure enough, Rolly was greatly plaized wud his *shough*,

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an' every day for another week he used go out an' hide undher a hedge, or in a hay-loft, an' have a dhraw out of his new ha'porth of clay. At the end of that week, man or mortial couldn't keep him from the pipe, an' then he felt the thruth of the King of Virginny's words.

"Begor," says he to himself, "my fortune 'ud be made if I could only smuggle a few cargoes of this tobaccy into the ould counthry. An' sure it ought to be aisy enough to 'run' it," says he, "if I only goes the right way about it."

As soon as he made up his mind to thrade on the tobaccy, he could think of nothing but plans for dodgin' the revenue men; an' at last he decided that the aisiest and most likely way 'ud be to purtend it was potayties he was carryin' in the ships. So he sthrikes a bargain wud the King of Virginny, an' buys up the whole saison's crop. Then he goes down to the harbour an' he laives word at the custom-house to have Captain Murphy, the same skipper that brought the first load of spuds to Munsther, sent up to his lodgin's.

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As he was goin' back home from the custom-house, who does he spy comin' along the sthreet but the identical Captain Murphy! They both cotched sight of wan another in the distance at the same time, an' Rolly was sthruck wud surprise to notice the way the skipper thried to purtend he was doin' nothing when his employer first spotted him.

"Depind on it," says he to himself, "Murphy is up to some dodge; but I'll work it out of him or know for what."

Well, aich man walks on until he meets the other.

"Good morra, skipper," says Rolly.

"Good morra, sir," says the skipper, touchin' his cap, an' thin dhrawin' his hand back undher his coat-tails again.

"Admirin' the sighths, I suppose?" says Rolly.

"Ay, sir," says the skipper in an onaisey sort of a way. "I wondher is there any chance at all of gettin' a load of the Champions this thrip?"

"I'm afeard not," says Rolly, "an' it sthrikes

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me ye'll all have to go home as ye came, in ballast."

"Well, sure," says the skipper, "it's as hard on you as it is on us, sir; an' I was goin' to remark to you, that I don't mind goin' back in ballast, an' cryin' off the prisent charther."

"Begor, that's ginerosity indeed," says Rolly; "but I couldn't think of threspassin' on you so far."

Of coorse Sir Walther knew right well that the skipper had some dodge in his mind whin he offered to let him off the charter so aisy. "Maybe 'tis discovered a saycrit mine of goold-dust the fellow has," says he to himself.

So he looked hard at the captain, an' as he did he saw a curl of smoke risin' up behind him.

"Murphy!" shouts Rolly, twiggin' at wance the skipper's game, "your coat is a-fire!" An' before you could say "knife," Sir Walther rushes to a pump that was handy, an' takin' a pail of wather off an ould Virginny woman's head, he throws it

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over the skipper an' nearly dhrownded the poor man.

"Are you quenched yet?" axes Rolly wud a grin.

"I am, sir," says the skipper. "Sure, I see by the grin on you that you've found me out. I confess I was taken a *shough* of a pipe when you first cotched sighth of me."

"Ah!" says Rolly, "an' that was your game, was it? To thry an' smuggle a cargo of tobaccy home on your own account unbeknownst to me!"

"Sure, I didn't know you'd ever heard of the weed," says the poor skipper.

"Didn't you?" says Rolly. "That's a poor excuse, an' a dirty wan too. An' so that's what made you so ginerous in offerin' to let me off the charther?"

"Well, to tell the thruth, it was," says Captain Murphy.

"Whin did you discover this tobaccy?" axes Rolly.

"Only this thrip," says the skipper. "An' ould

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squaw here whom I dale wud for groceries, let me into the saycrit of it."

"Does any of the other captains or crews know of it?"

"To the best of my belief they don't," answers Captain Murphy.

"Very well," says Rolly. "Now act fair an' square wud me, an' I'll dale fair an' square wud you."

"It's a bargain," says the skipper.

"Well," says Rolly, "I may tell you I've bought up the whole saison's crop of tobaccy here, an' my idaya is to fill all the ships wud it, an' I think I'll be able to scrape up enough spuds to make a few layers of 'em for the top of aich of the ships, so we can report ourselves in the ould counthry as bein' loaded wud potayties an' other green stuffs, an' if you can keep a close tongue in your head there's no raison to prevint us runnin' every pound of the tobaccy ashore wudout payin' a farden of duty."

"An' what's to be my share of the swag?" axes Captain Murphy.

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"I wish," says Rolly, "you wouldn't use such coorse langwidge in spaykin' to me. There's no swag in it at all, only fair thradin'; an' it isn't onraisonable to allow a little rope to such benefacthors of mankind as we'll be whin the tobaccy is well inthroduced."

"Faix!" says Captain Murphy, laughin', "I'm afeard it's a long allowance of rope they'd be givin' you, Sir Walther, if they cotched you smugglin' tobaccy."

"You're an ignorant ruffian to spayke like that to me," says Rolly, who always had his last end in view.

"I humbly begs pardon," says the skipper; "but sure we're both in the wan boat now."

By this time Rolly was in a fair rage, for he couldn't stand bein' put on a par wud a common skipper, an' he knew the man was wudin his rights in makin' the remarks he did; for of coorse whin two people conthract to do any dodge agen the law they're to all intints an' purposes birds of a feather. So Rolly thought 'twas best to argue

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no further wud Captain Murphy, but to give him full insthructions about loadin' the ships an' suchlike.

Well, in due coorse, the fleet sails out of Virginny an' before they thripped anchor Rolly made a last call on the king, an' the king sent for the Court Tobaccy-Curer, who gave Sir Walther full insthructhions about the rearin' an' manufacturin' of the weed.

"I'm greatly obliged to your Majesty," says Rolly, before laivin' the palace; "an' I've decided to christen my first consignment of tobaccy 'Naygrohead,' afther your own self; an' more than that," says he, "as soon as I can get to win'ard of the gover'ment of my own counthry, an' secure a licence for the sole supplyin' of the weed, I'll make it a rule to have a plasther cast of yerself stuck up over every shop where they sells pipes an' tobaccy. In that way, your Majesty," says he, "your picthur 'll go down to our childre's childre as wan of the greatest benefacthors of the human race that ever dhrilled a hole in his nose."

Begor, the poor king was so touched wud the

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beautiful langwidge of Sir Walther that he fell on him an' wept a flood of tears over Rolly's shouldher; an' 'twas as much as about a dozen of his wives could do to tear his arms from the neck of the great Undhertaker.

Well, there must be an end of a story some time, an' the end of this is dhrawin' nigh.

Rolly's fleet missed Cork Harbour, owin' to change of win', an' the first Irish land they got a grip of was the enthrance of the Shannon. Sir Walther had no throuble at all in dodgin' the Revenue officers, an' he landed all the cargoes of tobaccy safe an' sound at Limerick Quay, an' got 'em into a warehouse wudout payin' a single farden of duty.

Then he started makin' Limerick Twist, an' down he goes to Youghal an' plants a few hundhred acres wud some of the hardiest leafs; an' shortly afther, his Munsther property havin' got into the hands of the Cavendish family, he christened the first crop raised on the Youghal estate, "Cavendish" tobaccy.

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